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ABSTRACT

The Saturday Writing Workshop Course, a project of The New York Public Library, targeted Adult Basic Education (ABE) students who are unable to attend classes during the week and who are inexperienced writers who are closed out of traditional literacy/ABE programs because they have advanced reading skills. The project served a community of over 200,000 people. Tutoring was done one-on-one, in small groups, and in classes. Tutoring was a small component of the course, and was used to provide teacher/trainees with practical experience in writing process instruction. Student progress was assessed using dialogue journals, small group discussions, teacher and tutor observations, and portfolios. Goals for the fiscal year 1993 Writing Workshop Course included: training 10-15 teachers and volunteer tutors to use the writing process model; preparing apprentice teachers to train their staff in writing process approaches; helping students improve their writing and attitudes toward writing; and producing an anthology of students' writing for each course. Attachments include samples of reflective writing, news articles, promotional materials, and "Spring Reflections"--an anthology of student writing from the spring 1993 Saturday Writing Workshop held at the St. Agnes Branch Library. (SWC)

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The New York Public Library, Final Performance Report for Library Services and Construction Act (LSCA) Title VI, Library Literacy Program

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LIBRARY SERVICES AND CONSTRUCTION ACT TITLE VI REPORT

The New York Public Library
Centers for Reading and Writing

Project Year: October 1992 - September 1993

Name of Institution:	The New York Public Library Office of Branch Libraries 455 Fifth Avenue New York, NY 10016
Project Title:	LSCA Title VI Library Literacy Program The Writing Workshop Course
Grant Number:	R167A20161
Grant Specialist:	Barbara Humes
Project Directors:	Mildred Dotson Diane J. Rosenthal
Report Prepared By:	Diane J. Rosenthal
Project Phone Number:	(212)340-0918 (212)932-7920
Grant Amount Awarded:	$35,000
Actual Amount Expended:	35,000

Part II: Quantitative Data

Provide the following information about this project by filling in the blanks or putting a checkmark next to the answer that best describes your project. If any of the questions are not relevant to this project, write N/A.

1. What is the size of the community served by this project?

___ under 10,000
___ between 10,000 - 25,000
___ between 25,000 - 50,000
___ between 50,000 - 100,000
___ between 100,000-200,000
_XX_ over 200,000

2. What type of project was this? (Check as many as applicable)

___ Recruitment
___ Retention
___ Space Renovation
___ Coalition Building
___ Public Awareness
___ Training
___ Rural Oriented
___ Basic Literacy
___ Collection Development
___ Tutoring
___ Computer Assisted
___ Other Technology
___ Employment Oriented
___ Intergenerational/Family
___ English as a Second Language (ESL)
_XX_ Other (describe) Writing Workshop

3. Did you target a particular population? (Check as many as applicable)

___ Homeless
___ Hearing Impaired
___ Visually Impaired
___ Learning Disabled
___ Mentally Disabled
___ Workforce/Workplace
___ Inmates of Correctional Institutions
___ Homebound
___ Seniors/Older Citizens
___ Migrant Workers
___ Indian Tribes
___ Intergenerational/Families
___ English as a Second Language
XX Other (describe) Adult Basic Education students who are unable to attend classes during the week and who are inexperienced writers and are closed out of traditional literacy/ABE programs because they have advanced reading skills.

4. If this project involved tutoring, what tutoring method was used?

___ Laubach ___ LVA ___ Michigan Method
___ Orton-Gillingham ___ Other (describe)
N/A

5. If this project involved tutoring, how was it provided? (check as many as applicable)

XX one-on-one tutoring XX small group instruction
XX classroom instruction Tutoring is only a small component of the Writing Workshop Course and is meant to provide teacher/trainees with practical experience in writing process instruction.

6.(a) If this project involved tutoring, was the learning progress of the adult literacy students quantitatively measured? ___ yes XX no

(If "yes", identify any tests, questionnaires, or standard methods used and summarize student results.)

6.(b) If this project involved tutoring, were qualitative outcomes of student progress documented? XX yes ___no

(If "yes", briefly describe how progress was determined and summarize student results. You may attach samples of any documents used to record observations or demonstrate outcomes.) The following methods are used to assess student progress: dialogue journals; small group discussions; teacher and tutor observations and portfolios. (See assessment section for complete description of assessment.)

7. During the course of this project were any of the following items produced? If so, attach a copy to each copy of the report.

___ bibliography
___ curriculum guide
___ training manual
___ public relations audiovisual
___ training audiovisual
___ recruitment brochure
___ resource directory
___ evaluation report
___ survey
___ newsletter(s)
XX other (describe)
journals of student writing

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8. During the course of this project:

How many adult learners were served? (i.e., individuals who made use of the library's literacy project services in some way) 82
Of those served, how many received direct tutoring service? N/A
How many hours of direct tutoring service did they receive? N/A
How many new volunteer tutors were trained? 8
How many current volunteer tutors received additional training? 2
How many volunteer tutors (total) were involved? 10
How many non-tutor volunteers were recruited? N/A
How many service hours were provided by non-tutors? N/A
How many librarians were oriented to literacy methods, materials, and students? 8
How many trainers of tutors were trained? N/A

Part III: Narrative Report

Provide a narrative report that includes the following information:

1. A comparison of actual accomplishments to the goals and objectives set forth in the approved application. Describe any major changes or revisions in the program with respect to approved activities, staffing, and budgeting, including unspent funds. Explain why established goals and objectives were not met, if applicable.

2. Provide a comparison between proposed and actual expenditures by budget category, i.e., personnel, travel, materials, etc.

3. Provide, as appropriate, specific details as to the activities undertaken -- e.g., if library materials were acquired, describe the kinds of materials purchased; if a needs assessment was conducted, describe the results of the assessment; if training was provided, describe the training and include the dates and topics; if services were contracted out, describe the contractor's activities.

4. Describe the role the library has played in the accomplishment of the goals and objectives set forth in the approved grant, including whether the library was involved in the project's implementation or as a resource and site only.

5. Provide names of agencies and organizations recruited to volunteer their services for the literacy program or that were involved in the coordination and planning of the literacy program. Describe the nature of their role.

6. Provide the names and locations of libraries and other sites whose facilities were used for this project.

7. Describe the impact of the Federal project on the ongoing program of the grantee.

Note: Narrative reports are not expected to exceed 20 double-spaced typewritten pages.

[Further monies or other benefits may, but not necessarily, be withheld under these programs unless these reports are completed and filed as required by existing law and regulations (20 U.S.C. 351 et seq.; 34 CFR Parts 75 and 77).]

Part III Narrative Report

1. A comparison of actual accomplishments to the goals and objectives set forth in the approved application. Describe any major changes or revisions in the program with respect to approved activities, staffing, budgeting, including unspent funds. Explain why established goals and objectives were not met, if applicable.

The Saturday Writing Workshop Course offered by The New York Public Library Centers for Reading and Writing continues to provide a vital educational opportunity to adult basic education students in New York City. In Fiscal Year 1993 the course served 82 students in the Bronx and Manhattan, meeting the project goal of serving between 80 and 100 students. A total of 10 teacher/trainees participated in the teacher-training component of the Workshop Course. Participants in this component of the project ranged in experience from the New York City Board of Education teachers, to tutors in adult literacy programs, as well as a professional actress who was teaching a writing class at District Council 37, which provides continuing education instruction for New York City employees who are union members.

Grant funding enabled the Library to fulfill its objective of providing students already enrolled in literacy programs with additional writing instruction, and to reach students who are not currently served by the structure of the literacy provider network in New York City. Specifically, the Library attempted to reach those students whose reading is too advanced for literacy programs, but whose inexperience with writing prevents them from entering the City University system or passing the writing component of the General Education Diploma exam. In addition, the Writing Workshop Course offers an opportunity for professional educators and volunteer tutors to extend their knowledge of writing process instruction by participating in the class as learners and then partaking in professional-level discussions about writing instruction for one hour following each class session. The goals for the Writing Workshop Course for FY 93 included the following:

--To make intensive writing instruction available on Saturdays to adult literacy students who cannot attend classes during the work week, and to students already enrolled in library and other literacy/ABE programs who want accelerated hours of writing instruction;

--To make writing instruction more easily available to inexperienced writers

who at the same time are closed out of traditional literacy/ABE programs because they have advanced reading skills;

--To train 10-15 teachers and volunteer tutors from the Library's own program and other literacy programs to use the writing process model;

--To prepare apprentice teachers to use the teaching concepts and strategies they have learned in the course in their respective agencies and to train their staff in writing process approaches;

--To help students improve their writing and attitudes toward writing as assessed through analyses of their writing portfolios; and

--To produce one class anthology of students' writing for each course.

During FY 93, the Writing Workshop Course met the above goals and carried out all activities in regard to recruitment, instruction, staffing, and budgeting as outlined in the funding proposal.

Recruitment - Planning Period: July - September, 1992

Recruitment, Interviewing and Hiring Instructors. For the four available teaching positions, three new teachers were hired to teach the Writing Workshop Course during FY 93, two in the Bronx, and one in Manhattan. The returning teacher in Manhattan completed her third year teaching in the writing program. One of the newly hired writing teachers in the Bronx is also an ABE teacher at the Centers; she has extensive experience with portfolio assessment.

Advertisements to hire teachers were placed in major daily and community-based newspapers, as well as the Literacy Assistance Center's *Literacy Update*, a monthly publication reaching approximately 2,000 adult literacy practitioners. In addition, a mailing was sent to directors of literacy agencies in New York City as part of the effort to recruit qualified instructors. The response was large and the Library hired instructors with extensive experience teaching writing to adults utilizing a process approach and who were familiar with authentic assessment.

Recruitment of Students. To recruit students for classes, flyers were sent to all 82 branches of The New York Public Library, and to approximately 300 literacy-providing agencies in New York City. Student response was high and classes were fully registered each cycle.

Recruitment of Tutor/Teacher Trainees. The Saturday Writing Workshop course was advertised to teachers and volunteers through a mailing sent to literacy agencies throughout New York City. An ad was placed in the Literacy Assistance Centers' *Literacy Update* announcing the course. Volunteers at the Centers for Reading and Writing were informed by site managers about this training opportunity. In addition to receiving many applications from teachers and tutors in other agencies, several volunteers from the Centers participated in the workshop and one has since begun teaching part-time at the City University.

Instructional Goals

The goals and objectives as outlined in the project proposal include:

--To make writing instruction available to 80 literacy/ABE students who want to improve their writing and/or who want to prepare to take the GED or CUNY writing exam;

--To help students improve their writing and attitudes toward writing as assessed through their writing portfolios; and

-- To produce an anthology of students' writing for each of the four courses.

In order to assure that the Writing Workshop Course would attract a diverse student population, it is located at two centrally, and easily accessible libraries: the St. Agnes Library in Manhattan and the Fordham Library Center in the Bronx. The Fordham Library Center is accessible to the handicapped.

Acceptance Criteria for Students

Criteria for accepting students into the Writing Workshop Course were established by staff and teachers to ensure that the appropriate student population would receive services. The criteria are:

--Students who could not attend weekday adult basic education classes because of home or work commitments. These students were informed that they would need to do work outside of the classes in order to make progress.

--Students already enrolled in weekday literacy or General Education Diploma

(GED) programs who needed more intensive work in writing in order to achieve their educational goals.

--Students who could generate a short text and read it back. Anyone less skilled with writing would not get sufficient assistance in these classes and would be referred to a small group tutorial.

--Students too advanced in reading for most literacy programs but too inexperienced with writing to enter the City University or GED classes.

Writing Instructional Philosophy

The grant proposal states: *the instructional philosophy on which the Writing-Workshop Course is based is a meaning-centered approach which encourages students to be aware of the processes they go through when they write...* Therefore, the reading and writing students do in the classroom involves materials which are relevant to students' experiences and focuses on content.

The instructional methods utilized in the Writing Workshop courses support the view of writing as a dynamic process of drafting, revising and editing. The greatest emphasis is placed on the content of what is being communicated rather than on the mechanics of writing. The environment that the instructors create encourages students to regard their life experiences as valuable, to take risks with their writing and to assist students in getting beyond the blocks they may have about spelling, grammar and punctuation, which often hamper fluency.

The teachers at the Fordham Center made the following observations about the atmosphere in the class and its impact on students' writing:

The atmosphere is, we believe, supportive and comfortable. At the beginning some writers talked about painful experiences with literacy; some were hesitant about composing. Now, on a typical Saturday, participants come into class, get the folders and journals, and commence writing. It is we who have to interrupt the writing to announce that it's time for a break.

Fellow writers are also supportive of each other. When Ronald talked about embarrassment at his work place because he was unable to spell a lunch list correctly and was laughed at by his co-workers, others empathized and offered similar stories. We also see and hear writers spontaneously listening to each other's pieces and giving constructive feedback. Frank and Beaddie are regular

editing partners. Students also seem to feel enfranchised in the class, often inging in readings to share with everyone.
and tutor/trainee in the St. Agnes class writes:

My initial impression of the class is that it is a warm, caring and nurturing place where student/teacher lines are a little blurred; the atmosphere is non-threatening...The students are a varied and diverse multi-cultural group. I am impressed with the way the students have been able to pick up and respond to the messages of the teachers; to respond to each other's writing in a supportive rather than critical way.

2. Provide a comparison between proposed and actual expenditures by budget category, i.e. personnel, travel, materials, etc.

Increases
Salary & Wages- a) Salary increase for Instructors $27.50 to $30 per hour. b) An hourly clerk, with more computer experience, was hired instead of a computer page.
Supplies- additional computer disks, notebooks, newsprint and folders were purchased for student use.
Other-Duplication and Publicity-additional journals were printed for wider distribution to other literacy programs.

Reductions were made to cover the increases listed above.
Equipment-the laser printer was not purchased.
Library Materials-Private funds were used to supplement the collection development.
3. Provide, as appropriate, specific details as to the activities undertaken –e.g. if library materials were acquired, describe the kinds of materials purchased; if training was provided, describe the training and include the dates and topics; if services were contracted out, describe the contractor's activities.

Instructional Activities:

Writing Time: Instructors in both classes set aside substantial portions of class time for students to work on their writing. Usually an hour to an hour and a half was spent with students working on pieces. The beginning of each session usually involved a shared reading which students responded to in a variety of forms: a letter to the author, a personal statement on the subject, or experimentation with the style. Writing in dialogue journals was sometimes used at the beginning of classes.

The teachers at the Fordham Center state:

We agreed early on to a general structure for each class. Students first write in their dialogue journals, then share their entries with another class member and write a response to what they read. This provides a comforting routine...It also sets the tone for writing and allows students to interact with each other as members of a community of readers and writers. Our instructional approaches are student-centered and we place first importance on fluency. We do not assign topics. Instead we encourage each writer to find his/her own voice and address what is meaningful for him/her.

The writing done during the beginning of class time often provided the writer with material that was later developed fully. As with most other instructional activities, teachers and tutors participated in the class and also used this time to write.

Individual Conferences. Teachers (and tutors, after training) met with each writer individually. Maggie Huntington, the Fordham teacher writes: *After the dialogue journals, the students use the next part of the class to write. With the tutors, we then circulate through the class to discuss content, clarity and mechanics with the students. Often we need to offer encouragement and strategies to help a writer who's blocked.* And at the St. Agnes class, the instructor Sue Machlin states: *Both instructors circulated during the writing time, making themselves available for one-to-one-writing conferences with students. We offered whatever help was needed, from how to spell "monogamous" to longer individual conferences on content or mechanics.*

The purposes of the conferences as described by the teachers were determined by the writers. For some, it was to discuss an individual piece in progress and for those in the editing phase it was time to receive assistance on technical issues. The class is designed to accommodate the different stages at which writers find themselves, and conferences allow for individual writing goals and concerns to be addressed.

Sharing Writing. Sharing writing is one of the most essential components of the class. Students had frequent opportunities to listen to each other's pieces and to offer feedback. According to the two instructors at Fordham:

After writing time, we ask students to share with the class about their work; some read entire pieces, excerpts, or just tell us all what he/she is working on. We have modeled how to respond to writing, asking questions, giving feedback, helping to revise awkward passages or phrases. At times, we have had to set limits on how responding is done. A student, Frank, and a tutor, Helen, were both

writing corrections on a student's work.

Students and instructors in the Manhattan class developed guidelines for responding to writing:

--Briefly retell the story.What did it mean to you? Were you interested?
--Ask the writer any questions about a part that might be unclear or confusing.
--If the piece is not yet complete, discuss with the author what he/she would like to include.

Revision work takes place once the writer has produced a piece of writing that he/she is interested in refining. Writers were encouraged to reflect on the following questions: Does the piece say what I want it to? Are there places that are confusing or misleading? Who is my audience? During writing time students are encouraged to use invented spelling rather than ask the teachers how to spell a word or spend time looking words up in a dictionary

The teachers encouraged students to view themselves as the authority on their writing and to make the final decisions about what suggestions they would use to revise their writing.

Sharing Reading. Active listening and responding to the writing of others were encouraged and emphasized through shared readings of the works of a wide range of published authors. The readings inspired students to experiment with different genres of writing. In the St. Agnes class, H.J., came to class with the goal of learning how to write an essay. Marti Tiffany, the instructor, writes:

H.J.'s initial interest lay more in learning grammar and format rather than in developing her own ideas. After conferencing with the instructors and listening to other students, she began to loosen up a bit. Her piece, "Why Women Must take Responsibility," was inspired by a reading of "Ain't I A Woman," a poem by Sojourner Truth. The two-part session on essay writing enabled her to give form and shape to her thoughts and the shared reading enabled her to feel confident in writing about her perceptions of herself as an African-American woman in today's society.

In the Fordham class students were encouraged to bring in pieces of interest and share them with the class. John Powell, the instructor writes:

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Sometimes we would write about reading. Margarita cut a political cartoon out of the paper at election time and we wrote our responses to the cartoon right on the copies we distributed. When time did not allow us to respond to a piece in writing, we simply talked about it...Bessie brought in an excerpt from Kahlil Gibran and Manny brought in a piece about Puerto Rican independence.

Mini Lessons. These lessons concentrated on topics identified by the students as a result of discussions about their writing needs. Sue Machlin, the St. Agnes instructor writes:

We tried to base these lessons on the goals voiced by our students as well as our writing process philosophy. Lessons designed for the first few sessions focused on an overview and review of process writing, with particular emphasis on active listening and responding to the writing of others. Other introductory lesson topics included daily journal writing, essay writing, self assessment in writing, describing a person, describing a place, and how to get started writing poetry. In addition, mini lessons focused on spelling and any grammar difficulties that students were encountering in their writing.

Throughout the courses, the teachers emphasized ways to make connections between the strategies presented in the mini lessons and the actual writing students were doing.

Essay Writing. The goal of many students in the Writing Workshop Course is to pass the GED exam or the City University writing proficiency exam. Instructors for the courses provided opportunities for those students to practice essay writing responding to a prompt under timed conditions. Several students stated that they now felt more comfortable taking exams as a result of receiving instruction on essay writing.

Writing Folders. Individual writing folders were kept by each student during the semester. These folders helped students keep track of their own development in writing and represented the complete record of a student's writing during the class cycle. Writing folders were also used to help students develop portfolios which will be discussed in the assessment section.

Journals. In both classes each writing group member kept a personal journal. Purposes varied; however, it was apparent that the journals enabled students to take risks with their writing. Some writers used them as opportunities to spend time in

personal reflection while others continued the stylistic experiments that went on in the classes. These journals were periodically collected and the teachers in each class responded to them. Sometimes, it was suggested that a particular entry be expanded into a larger piece and worked on in class. Many writers in the classes reported that the journals encouraged them to develop the habit of setting aside time each day to write, thus enhancing fluency.

Celebrations. Learning celebrations were held during each cycle, providing students and teachers with opportunities to read completed pieces of writing. Many of the pieces were included in the published class journal which was distributed to all workshop participants. Students brought in food to share at the celebrations, creating a festive atmosphere and expanding the sense of community.

Publications. Classes published two journals of student writing. They were distributed to each student and sent to all centers within the program. The journals inspired workshop participants to write, publish and continue to share their writing.

Portfolio Assessment

The funding application for FY 93 stated: *As an aid to evaluating the success of the course, we will ask teachers to employ a portfolio approach to writing assessment at the end of each course. Students and instructors will review pieces in students' writing folders and reflect on changes in the students' writing that each notices.*

This year, with the assistance of administrative staff from the Centers for Reading and Writing, teachers introduced assessment at the beginning of each cycle and activities to support it were integrated into instruction. Assessment began in the classes with students writing in their dialogue journals. The journals provided a place to write responses to prompts such as, "What are some of your goals as a reader and a writer?" The teachers at Fordham wrote regarding the second cycle that:

Assessment played a much bigger role in the class this cycle. We sometimes wrote in the journal about ourselves as readers and writers, and then listened to each other's entries; rich discussion followed. The diversity of the entries was striking. Students in the Fordham class responded to the prompt about goals in the following ways: *Charrmine said she wants to write essays and go on to college; Georgia said she wants to write songs. Many said they want to get their GEDs. Frank said he's concerned with capturing the reader's interest in the first sentence. Gauntlet said he wants to write clearer sentences.*

The teachers at St. Agnes wrote:

Alternative assessment was incorporated into the class throughout the term. In April students were asked to organize their writing folders and prepare status reports on pieces they had finished or were in the process of writing, revising, or editing. These lists helped students see what they had accomplished so far and where they were going. We held a discussion on what constitutes progress. The instructor used a sports analogy when speaking of how one could see progress in other things in life. And students thought of many ways they had made progress in such areas as cooking, sewing, and driving a car. After this discussion students talked and wrote about where they had seen progress in their writing.

Throughout the course, activities and discussions that encouraged reflection about learning were held on a regular basis to help students assess their progress as well as define criteria for improvement. Students maintained writing folders which were organized chronologically. All drafts, revisions and final pieces were grouped together. After several months students reviewed their folders and selected pieces which they wished to include in a writing portfolio. Selection criteria were left to the individual and based on what each saw as important. Students could utilize the entire body of their writing, including journal entries and reflective pieces about writing, to self assess their development as readers and writers.

Final assessment sessions were held in June for both classes. To begin the discussion students were asked to note the changes they had hoped to see when they first came into the workshop. Some responses in the St. Agnes class were:

I wanted to be more open, to finish things, become clearer, more comfortable, express myself better to an audience.

I was essay-oriented, wanted to learn how to write an essay. I also wanted to know about ending of words.

I wanted to enlarge my vocabulary, learn different writing styles.

I wanted to improve my sentences, wanted people to understand my writing.

Continuing the discussion, instructors asked students, "What changes do you see in your writing now?" A sampling of comments were:

I am now able to express myself better in writing...At the beginning my writing was not very sensible...it didn't mean what I was trying to say.

I am formula oriented. I learned mapping. Now I can put down all my ideas and use mapping to generate more ideas and organize ideas--also as far as the word endings...keeping editing checklists helps me to edit my own work.

I was very reluctant to try at first. Now I can get my thoughts down more easily.

Students and tutors were then asked to find one or more pieces for their portfolios; pieces that said something about what they can do as writers. Instructions were: *"Write why you picked the piece. Write why it was difficult or easy to write."* A selection of these responses is attached.

Manny, a student in the Fordham class, shared two pieces that he had written for the journal during the last session in which portfolios were shared. After he read them he said that he felt his writing had improved. The teacher writes:

He told us that he writes more clearly than before, organizing his thoughts efficiently so that his writing makes more sense. This self-assessment contrasts with an earlier incident with writing that occurred on his job. Early in the cycle, Manny wrote in his dialogue journal about being promoted and feeling happy about it until he asked his boss what he'd have to do in his new position. He was to work in the office: taking calls, writing orders, doing paperwork. He told his boss that he was looking forward to it, but that weekend he called in sick and said that he couldn't go to work on the following Monday. He never returned to that job. He said, "that would never happen again. The class has changed my life."

In both classes students decorated their portfolios at the end of the cycle. A lively variety of drawings and collages were produced for portfolio covers, and students later wrote about what this art work might signify for them about the workshop.

Trainees in the Writing Workshop Course

Trainees in the Writing Workshop Course attended each writing class for three hours and then met for an additional hour to work with the teaching team on instructional issues that would come up in the class. In addition to discussing what occurred in the class, they read and discussed articles and practiced specific teaching

approaches. These included:

Participating in the Class as Writers. Trainees spent time writing, discussing their writing, and reflecting on their writing strategies. This provided students and trainees with the opportunity to share their struggles and successes with writing and to gain first-hand understanding of the writing process.

Classroom Observation. Trainees were asked to observe particular aspects of the class based on their interests and areas in which the teaching team felt they needed more feedback. For example, they might be asked to observe a teacher conducting a writing conference, or a small group share. The teachers and trainees would then discuss these observations in the after-class meeting.

Reading and Discussing Articles. Trainees read and discussed articles about writing process instruction from both a theoretical and practical perspective. They talked about how these articles related to their own teaching.

Participating in Teaching. As the cycle progressed, trainees took a more active role in teaching. This included conducting individual conferences with students, responding to dialogue journals, or teaching a mini-lesson on a particular aspect of writing.

Dialogue Journals. Trainees used journals to record thoughts about their own writing process and ideas for pieces of writing. They also kept part of their journal for reflections on the teaching they were observing. Instructors responded in writing to the journals.

Teacher/Trainee Meetings. Administrative staff for the Centers for Reading and Writing provided the two teaching teams with suggested guidelines for the first three teacher training sessions.

Session I (10/10/92) Feelings and Experiences With Writing. Students, tutors and teachers need to reflect on feelings and experiences writing in the beginning of any writing workshop. Through this process participants discover writing blocks as well as what makes them unique as writers. Teachers engaged with tutors in a dialogue about these issues during the first session.

Session II (10/17/92) Making Connections: Whole Language and the Writing Process.
Teachers and trainees talk about the elements of whole language instruction and

how they can be incorporated in writing.

Session III (10/17/92) Sharing and Responding to Our Writing. The most difficult part of the writing process is for authors to respond to each other in a manner that leads to revision and thoughtful reflection about writing. In this session tutors read a piece they are working on, and after receiving feedback, respond in writing to the following questions: How did it feel to share your writing? What helped you during the feedback session? How will you use the feedback you received to revise your writing?

The following description relates how the trainees participated in the St. Agnes class:

Tutors as well as students found themselves developing both as writers and teachers. In class, they wrote and shared their work along with the students. As the cycle progressed, they became more active in their conferencing with students and in presenting short lessons to the whole group. One tutor, a professional actress, developed a highly successful lesson in monologue writing. The lesson was based on one of the principal characters in "Born Yesterday," a play in which she had starred. She demonstrated some techniques for development of character through monologue, and then gave the students a chance to try writing monologues on their own. The share session which came out of this writing exercise was one of the most lively and memorable of the cycle.

The tutor training session which followed each class allowed time for writing in dialogue journals as well as discussion of what had happened in the preceding session. The instructors handed out articles for discussion. We tried to choose articles that addressed different aspects of process writing as well as concerns raised by tutors. Some of the most helpful and thought-provoking articles included "Writing as Process," by Donald Murray; "How Language Means," by Paula Marshall; "Helping Adult Beginners Learn to Write," by Karen Griswold; and "When the Writing Process Probes too Deeply," by Margaret Ebrat,"

The Donald Murray article, in particular, addressed many of the questions tutors had about process writing, i.e. how to respond to student writing, in particular how to be helpful without overwhelming the writer... Tutors as well as students participated in an ongoing assessment of their progress in writing. In the initial interview with trainees instructors asked them to describe themselves as writers. This was followed up at the end of the session with trainees reflecting on the body of work in their portfolios and how they had developed as writers and teachers

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during the course.

A tutor at the St. Agnes class writes about her experience:

I'm looking forward to learning more about this whole language type of interaction. I feel lucky to be learning and student teaching at a time when this theory is in vogue...The theme and undercurrent of the writing read aloud is very non-judgmental; very willing to be open to the cultures and differences we all have. I am very encouraged. I feel I have a lot to learn from everyone.

Staff Development for the Writing Teachers

Six meetings were scheduled during the year to provide the writing teachers with opportunities to share ideas about instruction. These meetings involved discussing issues particular to the writing classes and the trainee education component of these classes. The dates and topics of the meetings were as follows:

9/25/92	Intake and Record Keeping
11/7/92	The Role of Teacher Trainees
12/12/92	Getting Started with Assessment
1/23/93	Keeping Track of Reading and Writing
3/27/93	Responding to Reading: A Bridge to Writing
5/22/93	Portfolio Assessment

In addition, writing teachers were invited to attend staff development activities that were conducted at the Centers for Reading and Writing. This year three writing teachers attended workshops held on portfolio assessment for Center staff and one teacher attended a materials share.

4. Describe the role the library played in the accomplishment of the goals and objectives set forth in the approved grant, including whether the library was involved in the project's implementation or as a resource and site only.

The New York Public Library Centers for Reading and Writing situated in branch libraries, provide an ideal environment for the Saturday Writing Workshop Course.

The Manhattan and Bronx locations have microcomputers, a wide variety of print materials and access to a large video collection, all of which support and enrich instruction. Students who attend the Writing Workshop partake in all the services offered by The Branch Libraries including: an orientation to the library conducted by branch librarians; registration for library cards; access to branch collections; and information about scheduled events open to the public.

The New York Public Library continues to demonstrates its support for the classes. The clerical staff person at the Office of Special Services who is extremely knowledgeable about computer-assisted instruction was hired as the computer aide for the St. Agnes class. He worked extensively with students on learning word processing and provided technical assistance in the production of the student journal.

The Budget Office monitors the grant and provides monthly expenditure reports.

5. Provide names of agencies and organizations recruited to volunteer their services for the literacy program or that were involved in the coordination and planning of the literacy program.

In order to recruit students for the classes, flyers describing the Writing Workshop Course were sent to all 82 branches of The New York Public Library. The Literacy Assistance Center included a description of the course in the *Literacy Update*, their monthly calendar, and referrals were made by that agency through their literacy hotline.

Volunteers were recruited in a similar manner. The Literacy Assistance Center advertised the course in the *Literacy Update*, a publication that reaches literacy professionals throughout the City.

6. Provide the names and locations of libraries and other sites whose facilities were used for this project.

St. Agnes Branch Library
444 Amsterdam Avenue
New York, NY 10024

Fordham Library Center
2556 Bainbridge Avenue
Bronx, York, NY 10548

7. Describe the impact of the Federal project on the ongoing program of the grantee.

The New York Public Library Centers for Reading and Writing is an adult literacy

program serving women and men over the age of 16, who speak English fluently, but who want to improve their reading and writing. Students' literacy levels range from not being able to read and write at all to those who are fairly experienced readers but who are not quite ready to enter a High School Equivalency or other training program.

The Writing Workshop Course provides learners who are already enrolled in literacy programs with additional writing instruction. One of its goals is to reach students who are not being served through the existing network of adult education programs in New York City because their reading is too advanced, but their writing skills prevent them from entering the City University system or passing the writing component of the General Education Diploma. In addition, the Writing Workshop provides an opportunity for a number of volunteers and professional teachers to expand their knowledge of the writing process and approaches to teaching writing through participating in the class and a discussion after each session. The Centers for Reading and Writing is the only adult literacy program in New York City that offers ongoing courses that provide intensive writing instruction to adult basic education students and includes a teacher training component. The Saturday Writing Workshop Course expands the services of the Centers by:

Making literacy services available to experienced readers who are not served by the traditional network of literacy services.

Providing additional opportunities for writing instruction for students currently enrolled at the Centers.

Offering instruction on Saturdays.

Creating an atmosphere for research in the teaching and assessment of writing.

Enhancing training opportunities for teachers and volunteer tutors.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Office of The Branch Libraries

LSCA Title VI – Writing Workshops Grant

Comparison between proposed and actual expenditures

	Proposed	Actual	Variance
Personnel			
Instructors	18,280	24,183	(5,903)
Hourly Clerk	1,550	2,082	(532)
Computer Aides	2,240	0	2,240
Fringe Benefits	1,780	2,078	(298)
TOTAL PERSONNEL:	23,850	28,343	(4,493)
Supplies	1,300	1,600	(300)
Computers Hardware & Software	5,070	2,943	2,127
Print Materials	3,500	0	3,500
Duplication & Publicity	1,280	2,115	(835)
TOTAL OTPS:	11,150	6,657	4,493
GRAND TOTAL:	*35,000*	*35,000*	0

Students Reflections on Writing presents three pieces written by students in the Saturday Writing Workshop Course which describes their experiences as writers. These pieces are included to provide samples of reflective writing produced by students which help them assess their writing progress.

Reflections on Writing I

I chose to write about my work on a piece called, "Why Must Women Take Responsibility." I chose to write on this piece because I felt that I may have a lot to say from a woman standpoint. I chose this piece because it was one of the first pieces that I got one-on-one help with. I chose this piece because this piece is the only piece that I was trying to put into essay form. I chose this piece because of the feedback that I got from my classmates. My classmates ask me questions like "What do you think happen to men when they are not allowed to take responsibility for their behavior." Because of these questions I was able to bring my writing to more of a conclusion.

Some of the problems I had with this piece is trying to remember to skip a line so I am able to edit my writing with more clarity and remembering that other people may not know anything about the subject I am writing about, so I must try and look at my writing from a novice's point of view.

Another thing that I went through with this piece is if someone can look up what I am saying, I best make sure I am saying something that can be proven.

Reflections on Writing II

I particularly chose "Silence Thoughts" as one of my favorite works, because it took me over three years to put it down on paper. The thought of actually putting something personal down on paper frightened me, but the more I kept reading about other women's and men's personal experiences, the more I became comfortable with the idea. It help me tremendously to come to terms with my wanting to explore other parts of myself that I would want to share with anyone else. The struggle with "Silence Thoughts" is I wanted to go back and revise it, because each time I go back to rewrite it, something more personal comes out, and I feel that some things are better kept sealed, but that just my personal opinion.

There are other people who I know that are writers who may think they have some indication of what their experiences are. They usually tell me that it's important for writers to share as much as his or her life experience. I say why? And still no one, to this day, gave me an explanation why I should share some thoughts that I feel is personal. I guess the answer is within me.

Reflections on Writing III

Writing about adults going back to school was very hard for me because I had to put my thoughts and feelings down on paper, which is something I never did before. The more I thought about it, the more I wanted to write about it. And the harder it became. I would try to say it one way and would not say it right, and when I do it another way it did not have the same meaning. And I wanted it to be just right, so when somebody read it, they would get the full meaning of it. And maybe they would understand some of the problems with going back to school.

Upcoming Conferences: Autumn 1992

Basic Writing

The 4th National Basic Writing Conference, sponsored by the Conference on Basic Writing, NCTE and the University of Maryland, will be held October 8–10 at the University of Maryland in College Park, MD. This national conference offers a forum and provides a network for teachers and researchers who work with basic writing students.

The 1992 conference will feature invited speakers in plenary panels convened to raise and discuss critical issues for the field. The conference will also feature concurrent panels and workshops on a wide range of topics touching on basic writing programs and practice.

For registration information, write to John Garvey, Education Director, NCTE, 1111 Kenyon Road, Urbana, IL 61801, or phone (217) 328–3870. The projected conference fee of $95 will include registration, materials, coffee, Friday breakfast, Friday and Saturday lunches, and a reception.

Arthur Ashe to present Keynote Speech

Arthur Ashe, world championship tennis player, will be the keynote speaker at the 11th Conference of the Reading Reform Foundation of New York, on Columbus Day, Monday, October 12, at the Sheraton New York Hotel.

The conference, "Effective Techniques for Teaching Reading, Writing and Spelling," includes 24 workshops in specific teaching techniques, exhibits and a unique feature — networking groups — at the luncheon. The conference is targeted to teachers of elementary, junior high, senior high and adult pupils; administrators; tutors and agency personnel.

The speaker at lunch will be Marilyn Jager Adams, the author of the book *Beginning to Read: Thinking and Learning About Print*, published by MIT Press.

The registration fee of $40 includes lunch. For more information, contact Leona D. Spector, Conference Coordinator, Reading Reform Foundation, 333 West 57th Street, Suite 211, New York, NY 10019, (212) 307–7320.

Adult Education: Building Communities

The Fall Conference of the Adult Learning Resource Center of Northern Illinois will be held October 15–16 in Rosemont, IL. Special sessions will be held on conducting ESL group and pair work, adapting new techniques to the ABE Math classroom, and characteristics, identification and strategies for working with adults with learning disabilities. Arnold Barbknect, the Executive Director of Instruction, Curriculum and Personnel Development at Township High School District 113 will present the keynote speech on "Building Communities." For more information, contact the Adult Learning Resource Center, 1855 Mt. Prospect Road, Des Plaines, IL 60018.

Adult Dyslexia

The 15th Annual Fall Conference of The Greater Philadelphia Branch of The Orton Dyslexia Society will be held October 16 and 17 at Bryn Mawr College.

Adult dyslexia will receive special focus at this year's conference. Joan Stoner from the National Board of the Orton Society will lead a session on the topic of working with adult dyslexics.

Other sessions related to learning differences will be presented by leaders in the field. Topics have been selected for appeal to teachers, parents, therapists, pediatricians and individuals with learning differences.

The complete conference program and registration information are available by writing GPBODS, Box 251, Bryn Mawr, PA 19010, or by calling (215) 527–1548.

Literacy Volunteers of America

LVA will hold its National Conference: "Literacy — A Rocky Mountain High," from November 5–7 in Denver. Over 60 workshops on literacy and voluntarism are scheduled, along with demonstrations of the latest in literacy technology. For more information, contact Gloria Gregg, Conference Chairperson, c/o Literacy Volunteers of America, Inc., 5795 Widewaters Parkway, Syracuse, NY 13214, (315) 445–8000.

Celebrating Cultural Diversity

The Association for Community–Based Education's (ACBE) Annual Conference, "Towards a Common Ground: Celebrating Cultural Diversity," will be held November 12–14 at the Latham Hotel–Georgetown in Washington, DC. To reserve rooms at the $80 ACBE rate, phone 1-800-386-5922. A copy of the conference brochure and registration information is available by calling (202) 462–6333.

NYPL Writing Workshops

The New York Public Library Centers for Reading and Writing invites teachers and tutors to join adult new writers at one of their free Saturday Writing Workshop courses to learn more about teaching writing to adults through a whole language, process-oriented approach.

Courses meet at the Fordham Library Center in the Bronx and the St. Agnes Branch Library in Manhattan every Saturday for four hours and give teachers and tutors the opportunity to participate in a course for adult new writers. Teachers and tutors will write, share and gain insight about the writing process and will be able to try out a variety of teaching approaches including responding to students' writing, connecting reading and writing, and writing for specific purposes.

Applicants must be able to participate in the Writing Workshop course for 16 Saturdays. Interviews will take place on Saturday, October 3. For more information, call (212) 932–7920.

Literacy Update September 1992
Vol. 2 No. 1

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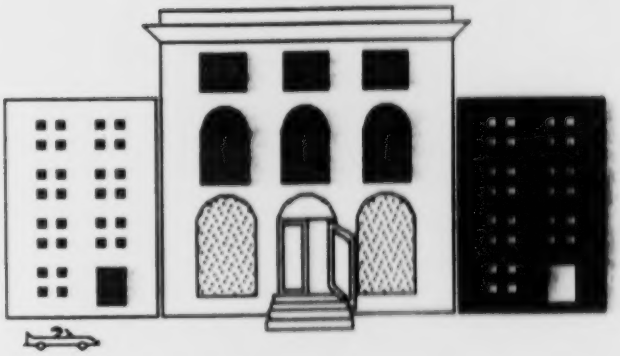

This Winter On Amsterdam Avenue
Saturday Writing Class for Adults

Where:	Centers for Reading and Writing St. Agnes Branch Library 444 Amsterdam Avenue Manhattan 10024
When:	Starts Saturday, October 3, 1992
Class Meets:	Saturdays 10am - 1pm
Call Now:	(212) 932-7902 Class size is limited; you must call before coming.

The New York Public Library
Centers for Reading and Writing

Funded through the federal Library Services and Construction Act, U.S. Department of Education

CRW 7/24/92

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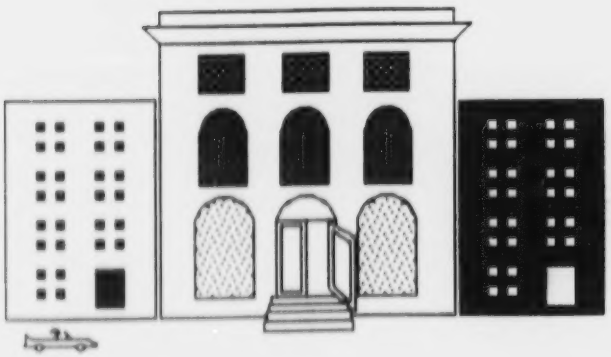

This Spring On Amsterdam Avenue

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The New York Public Library
Centers for Reading and Writing

Funded through the federal Library Services and Construction Act, U.S. Department of Education

CRW 1/4/93

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FREE!
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This Winter Near Fordham Road
Saturday Writing Class for Adults

Where:	Centers for Reading and Writing Fordham Library Center 2556 Bainbridge Avenue (near Fordham Road)
Class Starts:	Saturday, October 3, 1992
Class Meets:	Saturdays 10am - 1pm
Call Now:	(212) 932-7902 Class size is limited. Please call before coming.

This branch is wheelchair accessible.

The New York Public Library
Centers for Reading and Writing

Funded through the federal Library Services and Construction Act, U.S. Department of Education.

CRW 7/24/92

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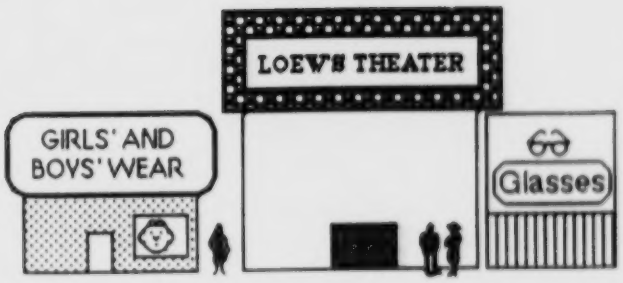

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Centers for Reading and Writing

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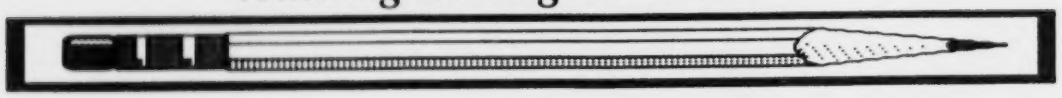
TEACHERS AND TUTORS!

Learn more about teaching writing to adults...



Join one of our **FREE Saturday Writing Workshop courses for adult basic education students** at The New York Public Library Centers for Reading and Writing and learn more about teaching writing to adults through a whole language, process-oriented approach.

Classes meet every Saturday for four hours. During the first three hours you will meet with other teachers and students to write, share your own writing process, observe, and try out a variety of teaching approaches, including:

- *responding to students' writing*
- *connecting reading and writing*
- *working on writing for specific purposes, e.g. the GED writing exam*

The last hour you will meet with the two course instructors to talk about your observations, discuss teaching strategies, and plan lessons.

Courses	*Locations*	*Courses Begin*	*Times*
Fordham Library Center	**Bronx** 2556 Bainbridge Avenue (near Fordham Road)	**October 3, 1992**	**Saturdays** 10am - 2pm
St. Agnes Branch Library	**Manhattan** 444 Amsterdam Avenue (between W. 81st and W. 82nd Street))	**October 3, 1992**	**Saturdays** 10am - 2pm

All applicants must be able to participate in the Writing Workshop course for 14 weeks. To register, call **(212) 932-7902**.

Saturday Writing Workshop courses are funded by a grant from the Library Services and Construction Act Title VI and are conducted under the auspices of The New York Public Library Centers for Reading and Writing.

The New York Public Library
Centers for Reading and Writing

CRW 7/24/92

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Saturday Writing Workshop courses are funded by a grant from the Library Services and Construction Act Title VI and are conducted under the auspices of The New York Public Library Centers for Reading and Writing.

The New York Public Library
Centers for Reading and Writing

CRW 1/15/93

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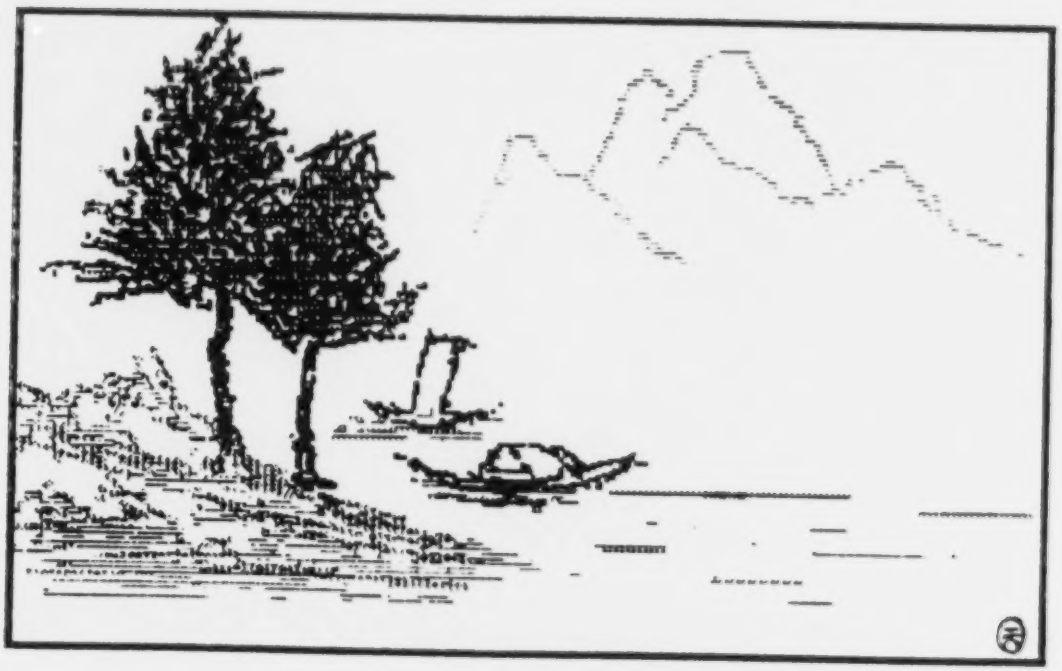

Saturday Writing Workshop
Spring 1993
Centers For Reading And Writing
St. Agnes Branch Library

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Spring Reflections

Traveling	Arthur Kearney	1
Adults Going Back to School	Arthur Kearney	2
My First Babysitting Story	Barbara Silva	4
Life is Worth Living	Connie Shanahan	9
New York City	Connie Shanahan	10
Family Traditions	Davinna Gallimore	11
Cordero	DeeDee	12
The Fall of Donald Trump	Fofana Amadou	20
Remember	Fofana Amadou	21
Easter Day	Frank Lopez	22
Why must Women Take Responsibility	Haggith Johnson	23
Memories of my Mother	J. Thomas	25
Central Park	J. Thomas	26
During the Easter Vacation	J. Thomas	27
Get on with my Life	J. Thomas	28
The Thing I like Doing in the Spring	J. Thomas	29
Spring is Here	Jean DaSilva	30
My Daughter Michelle	Jean DaSilva	31
Do you Know Your Ants?	Joseph Mercante	33
What is Life's Beauty	Joseph Mercante	34
Rejoice!	Judy Collins	35
Blizzard 1993	Kiyoko Murakami	36
The Cherry Blossom in Japan	Kiyoko Murakami	38
The Word	Kiyoko Murakami	40

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Easter	L. Montroos	41
The Origin and History of My Dialect	L. Montroos	42
Plane Crash	L. Montroos	43
Brazil Diary	Lynn	44
Someone Special	Rosina	45
Jonathan	Sue Machlin	47
The Machine Gun	Tina Hao	49
Mr. & Mrs Bian	Tina Hao	52

Editing and Production

Spring 1993 Journal

Sue Machlin & Marty Tiffany

Computer Support: Carlos Torres

TRAVELING

Arthur Kearney

Thinking of traveling, one camping trip comes to mind about 15 years ago in upstate New York; I can't remember where. It started out a normal day. The children (Arthur & Jeanine; Arthur, the oldest, was 7; Jeanine 5) were playing around.

The campsite, which was bigger than normal and more secluded than the rest, was at the end of the road, so there was no traffic on it and everything was quiet. I and my wife Susan were getting lunch ready for the kids and us. We were setting the picnic table. It was located between the tent and the camper. Susan had put hamburgers and hot dogs on the plate and covered them with little nylon umbrellas to keep the bugs off the food. When the children called us to see a little chipmonk, the two of them were throwing some bread crumbs to it. My wife Susan told the children that if we put a trail of bread crumbs along the ground and up to the table top we all could hide in the camper and get a very good look at him if he came up to the top of the table! So we did this, and the plan worked perfectly. Until he got to the top of the table. Instead of going for the bread crumbs, to all our surprise he tore right through the nylon umbrella netting and went for the hot dogs and hamburgers instead, and he sampled them all. He must of thought he'd died and went to heaven.

Which only goes to show that all plans don't always go right. We also had to go to Burger King for lunch that day.

ADULTS GOING BACK TO SCHOOL

Arthur Kearney

Talking about adults going back to school stirs a lot of emotions in some people. In many it is all good thoughts, in some it is not so good. These are some of the reasons a lot of people do not go back.

Some stay away because of fear they will not be able to learn anything, and then what? While others stay away for fear some people will make fun of them, which is sad, but true. Some even fear success, because it will change their life around and then what? Some stay away because of bad memories.

I myself stayed away because of this. My bad memories started in 1st grade and went until 4th grade in parochial school, with the nuns who thought they could beat learning into you with yardsticks, the back of hand or pulling you around by your ears which seem like they were trying to tear them off. Because they thought they had God on their side and a little suffering was good for you and your soul.

Public school was no better. One teacher in 6th grade taped 4 yardsticks together. I remember one girl he put in the hospital because she did not move fast enough. While she laid there on the floor he said that should teach her. By this time, I was a lot bigger then the other, and everybody left me alone including teachers. By now, learning only meant getting by one way or the other for me, until now.

Which brings us to another reason encouragement. Most people need encouragement, some very little, while other literally need someone pushing them along all the way. I myself am one of those people. I needed my wife

pushing me hard for years, to go back to school.

Some people never get any encouragement, and because of this they never go back to school and they sit in their own little world wondering, how come I can't , what if I did, if only I could.

These are just some of the reasons a lot of people do not go back to school. Some people have other reasons for not going back.

Whatever the reason is if they could only get the courage to overcome it and try. They would find out how small the reason was in the first place and how easy it is to overcome one's dark secrets.

MY FIRST BABYSITTING STORY

Barbara Silva

This is the story, what happened after the incident from my school. Well I stayed home and helped my sister with housework for about three months. Every morning, when I hear the children passing from my house to go to school, I run to the front window of my house and watch them pass. When I see my friend who gave me the books go to school, it made me very sad, and the tears comes to my eyes. Sometimes I felt jealous of that girl. Because her parents had everything to give to her, and she is very smart and teacher like her too, and I had to stay home without going to school.

My mother was cooking for the police inspector of my hometown. One day she took me to her work and made me to sit on a small stool and gave me some vegetable to clean. While I was doing that, the lady of the house came to the kitchen to see what my mother was doing for lunch and dinner. Then she saw me, and asked about me from my mother. My mother told her what had happened to me in my school, and that she brought me there to help her.

Then the lady said to my mother. "Oh she can stay here and take care of my baby." My mother did not hesitate. At once she agreed with her, without saying anything to her. Then she came to me and asked my name. I told her my name was Barbara. As soon as I told her my name, her smiling face changed and became serious, and said, "Oh no, you cannot have the same name as my daughter. I am going to call you Mary."

As soon as I heard that I did not like that lady. Then my mother told me, "Only here you will be Mary. As soon as you come home you will be Barbara." First I thought that I will be coming with my mother in the

morning and I will be going back home with her in the evening. Then my mother told me that I had to stay there at night too. I felt very sad when my mother told me that. I told my mother that I do not want to stay at night and I started to cry. It made my mother very sad, and she told me just for little while, till she gets some help. I did not listen to my mother, I felt sad and scared. I did not want to stay all the same. I cried and cried all the night for a few nights; then I realized that no use of crying. I had to stay there. I felt like that I did not want to talk to my mother or see her anymore. I thought to myself, if my mother can feed all the other children, why I had to stay out of my family. The more I thought about it, it made me very bitter about my parents. I stayed there, till my mother realized that I was too young to do the job.

The lady of this house had three children, two of them were older than me, and the younger one was only about five months old. This baby cried all day and night, so my job was to hold the baby in my hands and walk inside the house all the time and keep the baby very quiet. The parents of the baby did not care about the baby, because she cries even if you hold her in your hands. The mother of the baby comes to the room, only to feed the baby. One day I heard the father of the baby say, "take that baby away, I cannot stand that crying."

So I was put in a room with the baby, where they cannot hear anything. In the night I had to sleep in a small straw mat on the cement floor, next to the baby's cradle. I had no sheets or pillow to put my head or cover myself. It was very cold at nights, and I was not able to sleep. Not only the cold, the cry of the baby kept me awake. I was told not to leave the room, unless the baby goes to sleep, it will by 2 p.m. or 3 p.m. in the afternoon or 10 p.m. or 11:30 p.m. in

the night. That the time I had to do my things, like going to the bathroom or for my lunch or my dinner. Sometimes I felt very hungry, and the pain in my hands and legs made me feel that they were going to break from the joint and fall to the ground, and most of all the pain of hunger and the holding my bladder going to burst out.

I was very scared to talk about it with anyone, or ask any help. I hardly see my mother. Sometimes when I go to take my lunch, my mother had gone already. My mother cook the dinner and go home; then the housekeeper serves them. She, too, stays nights, and go home weekends.

Our lunch or the dinner was served by the lady of the house; that was after they have finished their meals. Whatever was remained was put into three plates. One for my mother, one for the housekeeper and one for me. By the time I go to eat my lunch or dinner, I find in my plate just a piece of bread and a few vegetables. In the beginning I just eat, thinking that was it I get to eat. I did not tell about it to my mother, even I wanted to talk to my mother I had no time. I had to hurry with my meals and go and wash baby's clothings and diapers, before the baby gets up.

One day after the baby was sleeping, I went to have my dinner. As soon as I entered the kitchen, I saw the housekeeper was eating out of my plate, when I saw that I did not say anything to her that time. But next day when I went for my lunch, I saw my mother and I saw my plate of food was half empty, and I told her that I am starving there and I cannot sleep because of the baby and I feel very cold at night, nothing to cover myself, and even I wanted to go to the bathroom, I am not able to go. As soon as I put the baby in the cradle, she started to cry, and the lady calls my name to find out what happens. My hands and my legs pains very badly. I wanted to come home, I do not wanted to stay there, I do not know whether my mother believed or not. Then she

told me not for long. I will tell the lady all the problems, and everything going to be okay.

Next day my mother kept my food with her, till I came for my lunch, and the lady kept inside, and told me, when the baby goes to sleep to come and take my plate. So it worked for awhile. Then the next day I ran away from the house, without telling the baby's mother. At about 6 p.m. I saw that the baby was fast asleep, and made sure that everything was okay with the baby, and without being seen to rest of the family, I slipped out of the house.

When I went outside, I felt very scared, because it started to become very dark, and I was afraid of the darkness, and also I was afraid of getting lost. The road to my house from the baby's house was a short cut, but very isolated. It was 20 blocks from that house to my house. When I was walking through that road, I saw I am the only one in that road. To me it looks like very scary to walk, because both side of the road was with big trees and bushes and few houses here and there, but none of them was close to the road. While I was walking my fear and my mind went like a computer, because I was scared about the baby's family and my family. It took awhile to reach my house.

When I went home, my father was not happy with me. He started to tell me that I should not have done that, that "The policeman will be very angry with you and you will be in trouble."

Next morning my mother took me back to the baby's house and made me apologize and stay there again.

Then one day I became sick due to lack of sleep, one day I was not able to get up from my mat. Baby started to cry, I could not help. Each time I try to get up, I felt dizzy and fall down. When the baby kept on crying, that made the baby's mother to come to the room to find out what was happening. Then

she saw me sick.

Next day when my mother came to work she saw me; then she realized that I was too young to do the job, and took me home. That day, when I went home I did not talk to my mother, and I told her she should not have left me there, for so long, without checking on me.

Then my mother told me, she thought that everything went alright, after the complaint to the lady, and I did not talk about it any more after that, and she did not know that I had to go through all those problems.

I told my mother, that she should have taken me home, when I told her first time. I never forgave my mother for a long time. Later on she explain to me why she left me knowing that I had to do those kind of work. She was hoping at least I will get proper food to grow up.

LIFE IS WORTH LIVING

Connie Shanahan

To me, just walking in Central Park is something great. I see so many other people walking in the park that I guess they must like it, too. It feels like you have left the City and are walking in the country. The fresh air, the grass, the flowers and the trees are all so beautiful. Of course they have benches in the park, so if you get tired from walking, you can sit down and relax. You can treat yourself to a hot dog and a cup of coffee or even an ice cream pop. You can walk some more and watch the children as they play on the grass laughing and running and playing games. There is no better sound in the world then the sound of children laughing and playing.

Sitting in the park listening to the birds singing makes you think that they are saying "Good morning" to you alone.

These are the times that I think that "Life is worth Living"

NEW YORK CITY

Connie Shanahan

One of the most interesting parts of N.Y., N.Y. is its people. Nowhere in the world will you find so many people living in the same city that speaks so many different languages. People that speak the same languages are most likely to live close together and that is the way it is in N.Y.C. You have "Chinatown" on one side of Canal Street and "Little Italy" on the other side of the street. Two different kinds of people with different languages and ways of life living side by side. That is the way it is all over N.Y.C. We also have English spoken all over the city and that is the language spoken by most people.

It is much easier for people from the same country to live together than it is for many people from different countries to try and live together.

This is the problem we are faced with, here in New York City.

FAMILY TRADITIONS

Davinna Gallimore

My Grandfather's part of the family decided to have a family reunion, and it will take place on July 4th 1993, in Seattle, Washington. I am very excited about the whole trip, because I've never seen Seattle, Washington before.

This is the first time we're coming together as a family. We had planned the family reunion about six years ago. But it did not work out with my family. So six years has passed. And my family decided to plan for the family reunion. The Brazlios and the Harts are on my Grandfather's side of the family. We have quite a lot of cousins on my grandfather's side of the family. We hope most of them will show up. I am not sure how many people will show up. All of us will be staying at the same hotel in Washington.

I am sure the trip to Washington and the family reunion will be fun and memorable. I wish my Grandfather, who is seventy one and lives in England could also attend, but I don't think he will be able to come to America.

CORDERO

DeeDee

Cordero has thick eyebrows and a thick black moustache to complement them. His eyes are black and intense, yet kind. They sparkle, like the tiny square white teeth that line the inside of his mouth. He possesses the type of smile shown on tooth paste commercials.

I did not notice any of his beautiful features before quite the way I describe them now. Because with love, your eyes open, or do they close a little so your mind takes over. Anyway, when I met him I thought he was cute and young. Therefore, after a quick glance I dismissed him (with that thought in mind). It was interesting to find out this guy in jean shorts (to his knees) and long white socks was actually a year
older than me.

We met at a free jazz concert in Harlem during July. I had phoned my friend Gary and asked where he could take Karen and I. He mentioned a few places, but the concert appealed to me most. It was great. The evening sun was just out of view, it was warm, and people were everywhere. My kind of fun.

When we first arrived I met David, a photographers assistant. Our conversation was light, lively, and interesting. None of that "baby you turn me on like no other and we need to get together because it's in the cards ," bullshit. I was happy , smiling all over the place.

I noticed when Cordero walked by and I'm sure he saw me glance. He said he did not. Yet, I could have sworn we had eye contact. Whatever. Anyway, he came over to ask if I'd like to dance. Then he saw I was having a conversation with David. He apologized for interrupting. I said, "That's OK." And proceeded to write out my number for David.

Cordero and I walked to go dance and the look on his face prompted a question. "What's wrong?"I said. He mentioned thinking I might rather be with David. I told him I had come to socialize not to pick anyone up. He commented on how friendly and open I seemed. I told him how I love people and freely give out my number if I feel they are genuine. In time I always found out if my intuition was right or wrong.

We began to dance and Cordero bombarded me with personal questions. Do you have a boyfriend? How old are you? Where do you live? Where do

you work? What happened to your last relationship? I hadn't been so closely examined in a while. Still, I did not mind. He answered the same questions in return.

When the song was over I directed him to the steps for more conversation. I did not want to continue to shout out our conversation. And I wanted to slow things down and catch my breath. There would be plenty of time for more dancing if we so desired.

I had forgotten all about Gary and Karen, until Gary found me. He said he would be ready to leave soon. Karen had been ready to leave as quickly as we had arrived. There were not enough Bougies (sophisticates) there for her. She was bored because these men didn't look like they had her class or enough cash. She lives by, "if the man has no money, he gets none of Karen's ever soooo sweet honey."

Cordero seemed almost shy in some ways. He was inquisitive, but the execution of his sentences and questions had a hesitation behind them. When he asked if we could exchange numbers it seemed only natural to reply "of course". Meanwhile my friends were patiently waiting for me. They were more than anxious to leave now.

We began to walk to the car and I found Cordero gliding beside me with his cousin Eric. "Marie, have breakfast with me?" Cordero asked. "I came with my friends and I leave with my friends - just one of my idiosyncrasies in life," I replied. He then walked us two blocks to the car and parted with a disappointed goodbye.

My friends and I drove a few blocks, stopped at a red light, and who should appear next to us in the next car. "Have breakfast with me, come on you know you want to," he said with such a boyish charm. "Maybe another time Cordero," I shouted as Gary quickly sped through the green light. He looked at me and said,"You know he's a romeo." I rolled my eyes at him and told him, "Oh, you're only saying that because he's attractive." There were so many times people wrongly labeled me. If I had as many men as rumored I'd have a few football teams in only a week. How ridiculous!

I arrived home happy but very tired. It was three in the morning and I had been up since six the previous morning. I purposely slept on the couch as not to disturb my roommate Toni. She wouldn't take too kindly to me disturbing her sleep. She's a very light sleeper. At approximately eight, the same morning, the phone rang. I bolted off the couch to retrieve the kitchen phone before it rang again. On the second ring I answered sleepily. It was Cordero and I was dumb-founded.

I found myself smiling because I was actually flattered. He was apologetic about phoning so early. He said he waited as long as he could before calling. He said he felt like he was in high school again. My heart started to race because I was touched (genuinely). He wanted to get together if possible. I thought about it quickly and said,"sure". I only had to workout later and get more sleep once I hung up the phone.

He apologized once more and said he would phone later. He sounded so happy and enthusiastic. I began to feel my feet lift from the floor and my body felt like a fluffy down pillow slowly loosing feathers as I rose to the ceiling. Before hanging up the phone I chirped something about thanks and I love your enthusiasm. I thought about Cordero a few minutes before falling asleep again. I thought about how sincere
and fresh he seemed. I believed we shared that. The enthusiasm lifted me as I drifted off to sleep.

Toni woke me at one that afternoon saying there was a man on the phone. Cordero said he'd pick me up at four. He also stunned me with the fact that his mom and son would be in the car too. I said OK and started to get nervous. I kept thinking how interesting. What the heck would I wear now. Oh don't be silly wear jeans(as usual), I thought to myself.

When they arrived his mom and son were quickly introduced as his mom proceeded to climb into the back with little Cordero. Little Cordero looked just like his dad and was definitely a rough little four year old with a mind of his own. I felt very awkward replacing his mom in the front seat. It didn't seem right, but I went along with it because I didn't want to rip the rice paper I felt I was treading on(in my mind). I was so nervous I didn't know what to say or do. I was unusually quiet trying to take
everything in. Cordero's mom began to speak Spanish. Until that time I had not realized Cordero was not African American.

His son was African American like me. And I would not have known Cordero wasn't until that time or until he mentioned it. Well, maybe if he had written his last name (DeJesus) with his number it would have been obvious to me. Actually, it didn't matter. It was a plus, something new.

We drove to his uncle's house where there was a small get together. I began to relax a little as Mrs. DeJesus offered me steamed mussels urging me out of my shell. I ate mussels watching Cordero and his son playing. I felt warm inside watching the family togetherness. I thought to myself maybe this relationship would develop beyond a platonic friendship. We left his uncle's house alone and we walked around
Manhattan on a clear crisp night. Our first outing together was great and sealed with a handshake.

On our second date we went to a movie and while standing outside in the long line Cordero handed me a backwards question. The kind of question you've already answered in your head, without any consideration to the actual answer. "You date tall men - don't you?", he said. I told him yes.

Cordero stands 5' 8" tall and it bothers him because in his mind he is short. Had I really listened to what was behind the question my reply would have been different. I would have told him that the character of the man mattered most to me and that would have been the absolute truth. Mr. De Jesus is a good man because his top priorities are family, friends, and work. He really cares about the troubled teenage boys he counsels at the youth facility where he works. And because of that he was taller to me.

Cordero had to go and ruin all my good feelings though. And now he is gone. I miss very much but I'm having difficulty getting over a serious lie he told me. The lie was important and I've had to grow from it. As much as I want to grow I wish I could just observe the growth of others. I could learn from their experience and that would be fine with me. It pains me so to grow from deceit.

But anyway, I wanted to remain friends. I couldn't find the trust any longer. It left and I couldn't fill the hole it left behind. I kept trying to push love there and it kept falling out. I began to have a lot of anger and resentment. They took the place of all the love that could have been there.

I often wonder what my part in it was. Why did he not think he could tell me the truth? Maybe I had nothing to do with his decision. Oh, I'll never know. I tried to talk it over with him, but he doesn't like anyone access to his thoughts or feelings. Well, that's my opinion because he didn't say.

And I didn't pressure him because I believe people are entitled to their to privacy. Often because of my beliefs I am thought of as uncaring or insensitive. He mentioned one day that I had no expectations of him. He saw that as bad and I saw it as good. I guess we were never on the same page. So-how can we be friends?

I must admit that I <u>did</u> think to myself he was short once. It wasn't in the sense that he was too short for me. He was just shorter than Paolo (my old boyfriends). Paolo was 6' 9" and when I stood next to him I was a midget at 5' 6". When I stood next to Cordero there wasn't such a huge difference in height. Actually, it was nice. I guess height depends on our perceptions.

There are many things I learned. For one, I cant not think everything is just black and white. There is grey matter and the grey place feels like quicksand. I run and run from it, but, it pulls my leg in deeper and deeper.

I'm so afraid it will swallow me whole.

When I think back to when Cordero and I first met I can't help remembering how we talked about life and our friends. Would take walks and meet at many different locations. I would bring male and females friends and he would bring only males. We just celebrated living by doing just that 'living'.

Our friends began to gradually fadeout of the picture. It was as if twin magnets were placed inside our bodies. It was not lust (or so I imagined.) It was like the sun was brighter when we were together.

Now and then I would think of my relationship with Paolo. Cordero was manly like Paolo in quieter way. Paolo's temper was explosive and he was very verbal. I could see Cordero's temper scanning the surface. The disapproval would flash in his eyes and posture. He has a frown of disapproval that I think he's unaware of. And if we were on the phone I could hear his frown loud and clear. For instance, discussing the vacation I had planned before I met Cordero. My fingers began to freeze-during a conversation we had on the phone one day in September - from the chill of his voice.

I was speaking about leaving for California, Paris, and Barbados. All my best friends live in these places. I told Cordero I was happy my vacation was finally arriving and how excited I was about finally getting to see my friends. Cordero began to tell me about doing some volunteer work together at a facility in the Bronx. I told him I'd love to do that when I came back home. Then I found out the start date would be in the middle of my vacation time. He seemed a little upset that I wouldn't be spending any of my time off with him.

I understood, but I had to go. I vowed long ago that I would not squelch my needs to please another man. Paolo had boxed me in and I gave up pieces of myself to please him. I learned my lesson from that relationship. I began my vacation and I had a fantastic time. I did not forget Cordero and I called him while in California. He was very happy I called, I could hear it in his voice.

A few weeks later, two nights before I was suppose to return to New York, I phoned Cordero again. I wanted to tell him I was extending my time away three more days. And that I needed a rain check for that date we planned upon my return. He answered the phone. I said, "Hi, Cordero." He said, "Hi." He seemed preoccupied. Under normal circumstances he would have been full of conversation without me forcing him into it. I began to feel the pit of the peach I had eaten (even though I know I threw it in the trash

earlier) in the bottom of my stomach. Then I heard the dial tone.

I thought we had a bad connection and I redialed the number (finger shaking.) I had to keep taking deep breaths telling my mind not to overreact. Find out what's going on-be still I told myself. When he answered the phone I asked if he had hung on me. He mumbled something I didn't understand and began to ask how I was doing. Relief! Then he said in the most awful crushing tone, "I'm Busy!"

"Oh, OK. I'll talk to you later" I said. allowing the automatic pilot of my brain waves to take over and I hung up the phone. I played the incident over and over (from start to finish) in my head and began to erase his number from my book. My pride was bruised and for what? He was rude to me for no apparent reason. I was just phoning to reschedule our date. But it didn't even get that far.

I told my girlfriend, Lisa and she gave me every excuse in the book. Because she always make excuses for men long after it's obvious they do not deserve the honor she wants to bestow upon them. So, the advice and excuses she offered went in one ear and out the other.

When I returned home Toni told me Cordero had phoned so many times apologizing for his behavior. He told her he'd gone to the dentist and the drugs he was taking were making him behave peculiar. The problem was he was trying to make sure I wouldn't call his home about the date. Because he had made other plans that included a lady other than myself.

And by leaving the message with my roommate (on the day I was actually suppose to return home) that he would be at his parents home. He could avoid having me phone his home. But I received the message late because I did not come when as planned. Therefore I phoned his home when he was supposed to be getting well at his parent's. I caught him at home and in a lie, but totally unintentionally.

The entire incident could have been avoided had he just said, "I have company." We both agreed from the beginning we would see other people. My situation with Paolo (before I met Cordero) left me with the feeling that me freedom was more important at the time Cordero and I met. He shocked me when he did all that storytelling. I did not ever imagine him in that light. My eye should have been wide open at that point. I suppose looking back on it I was overly compassionate.

I let Cordero know that I was aware of the entire scenario. And that I would appreciate the truth from that point on. I said I could see the difficulty in saying what actually was taking place, but that communication was

important! (As well as trust - even in friendships.) Things improved between us and we went on day by day.

The opportunity for me to go to Puerto Rico and work for four months arose only weeks after the turmoil. I did not have to ponder about going to a beautiful island during the winter for too long. Cordero and I were not in a do or die relationship so I took the offer. I did not tell Cordero until two weeks before I would leave. He was shocked and asked how come I was always leaving him.

I went to Puerto Rico, it was warm, I lived one block from the beach, and I thought I was in paradise. Many days I enjoyed sunbathing and swimming on the small secluded beach near my home. I felt free and alive watching the tall palm trees sway against the breezes. Almost everyone there was so pleasant and open. The change was a welcome to me.

I had to spend time in New York four times a month (on business) during this time. And I had time to mix pleasure with business on my off time with Cordero who would always comment about me leaving him. He said he wanted to come to Puerto Rico to see me. I wanted him to visit, but I did not actually have an apartment. It was more like a room, a room without air conditioning. It was really only big enough for one person.

I was so busy focusing on what I did not have that I told Cordero he couldn't come. And I was too embarrassed to explain in detail. I did tell him my place was very small, but he said he wouldn't care as long as we were together. I avoided further discussion about it and after a while it was forgotten.

After my work was done there I moved back to New York. This time I was going to have my own large studio. I had worked very hard, saved money, sacrificed, and now it was, my time. I found a bright, sunny, large studio only 10 minutes drive from Cordero's apartment. This I discovered later. I chose the apartment (and area) because it was inexpensive and a short drive to my job.

Things began to change between us. I began to notice we stayed inside the house most of the time. Unlike in the beginning of our relationship where there was variety. We went out everywhere, stayed in sometimes, at his place or mine. One day I remarked to Cordero my discovery of our non mutual hibernation. I added that I thought we had, had a past life together where I murdered him and now he was out for revenge. Was this his revenge?

He looked at me with sad eyes took a breath and proceeded to tell me it wasn't anything like that at all. He simply said, "Marie. I have a girlfriend."

She wasn't someone he had dated at the same time we were dating and decided to make her his girlfriend now. But rather he had been with her before the first night we met. A female that gave her all and all to him while he was frequenting my apartment. I was numb inside as he added how he knew I would not be with him had I known about her. But that he had wanted me then and still did now. He swore on his son's life that he did not intend to hurt me, ever.

As shocked as I was all I said (very calmly) was, "Thank you, for telling me the truth." He wanted to know if I was angry. How come I wasn't showing it. All I could say was that I was glad to know and I'd like some time alone.

The next day he phoned me and I told him I didn't ever want to ever see or hear from him again. And that was that!

That is the lie that reminds me of the stupidity and naivete that I have outgrown. Somehow it would have made a significant difference to me had he told me the truth from the start. Had he said that important truth, from night one, I would have never parted these lips to kiss him, I would have never known the dark side of a man that seemed to be a light beam, and maybe I would have had to suffer through this with someone else.

The thought of being part of a harem without my desire sickens me I could say the sting wasn't that bad because I went out with other people. Not so just the thought that I was lied to from the beginning hurts my soul. And it hurts bad! I'll be glad for the day when I think of this and I feel nothing. For now, every time I think of Cordero and all that took place I have to fight back the tears.

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THE FALL OF DONALD TRUMP

Fofana Amadou

It looks very bad for Trump. In few month so many of his business seemed to be failing. How did his problem begin? Like many Americans, Trump spent lot of money in 1980s. He also made a lot of money in 1980s. He became richer than a king. His reputation drew attention. Most people loved him, but others loved to hate him. Why? Because people so jealous of anyone who has that much success. However, he's still known by the world. In the meantime, love or hate is not so important as how wealthy he became, the young powerful man in our time, he never give up even if it's right or wrong. That's the kind of man I like most. But to be like Trump you need a lot of encouragement and responsibility. It seemed that everything he touched turned to gold. Not bad for such a young man. Keep going , D.T.

REMEMBER

Fofana Amadou

Life is something to remember.
To remember for me is where you
came from and who you are.
To remember is always the good and the
bad things you do in your lifetime.
To remember is, for me, the first love
you get from your family.
To remember is the way
you grew up from when you were younger.
The way you got your education.
To remember is when everyday you
wake in morning and say to yourself thank God.
To remember the universe your life depends upon,
To remember different kinds of emotions
you get when you are happy
But don't ever forget the bad things
you've done in your lifetime.
To remember is something anyone should not forget.
To remember mind is terrible
thing to waste.
Please just remember.

EASTER DAY

Frank Lopez

On Easter Day when the sun is shining and the birds are singing.
This is a day for everyone to reincarnate.
As the animals come out of hibernating, the wind gets brisk.
The sound echoes on the wall of the building.
The kids screaming for happiness as they play in the playground.
You can finally smell the fresh air, the flowers.
Everything becomes colorful to the eye.
Even people are much friendlier.
Easter Day, what exactly does it mean?
It is a day of Easter rabbits or some religious belief.
One thing is for sure, you're born again.

WHY MUST WOMEN TAKE RESPONSIBILITY

Haggith Johnson

In the speech given by Sojourner Truth and adapted to poetry by Erlene Stetso, there is a quote that I have a problem embracing. "If the first women God ever made was strong enough to turn the world upside down, all alone together women ought to be able to turn it right side up again". Eve did not turn the world upside down. God made his covenant with Adam.

Why do woman feel that they must take the blame for everything that goes wrong, and get rewarded for nothing? Until this day women still check themselves when something goes wrong to see what part of the blame belongs to them. For example if a husband cheats on his wife, the wife may look into her behavior to see where she went wrong.

Women, we are not responsible for turning the world upside down! God's covenant is with Adam(1), so if blame is to be given then it should be given to Adam. Women! please take responsibility for your own behavior, because that is the only thing you have control over and please allow men the dignity to take responsibility for their behavior. Not allowing men to take responsibility for their behavior will only bring about socially inept, non-thinking poor problem solving, immature men. Women, I am positive that is not how you want your men to be! I think that we would much prefer a gallant, wise man that has some crisis intervention skill.

According to the Bible. Eve was not alone in bringing about the fall of man. As I recall there were two humans and one angel involved. Their names were Lucifer, Adam and Eve. If anyone is to held responsible it should

only not be Eve, But he who is older(2), and with he whom the covenant is made. Lucifer is the older, he walked and talked with God for thousands of years, so much so that he was second in command. Have you ever wondered who God was talking to when he said "let us make man?"(3) Ten to one he was talking to Lucifer. Adam was made before Eve, in as much that God made Eve from Adam's rib(4).

Lucifer was justly punished for his behavior. He was thrown out of heaven and his name was changed from Lucifer "the bright and morning star" to Satan"the deceiver." "How you are fallen from heaven, O day star, son of Dawn!"(5) Adam was also punished because through his seed all flesh must face death. Don't think that Eve got off scot free, because of her involvement women feel great pain during child birth and some of us women even feel it once on month. We call it P.M.S.

So women if you want to change the world you must allow men to take responsibility for their behavior. If men are not permitted to take responsibility for their behavior it is inevitable that humans on a whole would suffer, and men in specific will be found wanting. With responsibilities comes trust! If men are not allowed to take responsibility for their behavior then they will not learn how to trust themselves. And their problem solving skills will be shot.

New Testament.

(1) Genesis 2:16,17

(2) Genesis 2:7

(3) Genesis 1:26

(4) Genesis 2:21,22

(5) Isaiah 14:12

MEMORIES OF MY MOTHER

J. Thomas

Every year, the beginning of May, I think about my mother who is deceased. May 2nd makes six years she is gone. She was a very wonderful, beautiful, intelligent, kind, powerful person. I am glad she was my mother. She show me and taught me so much. It's not a day that go by that I don't think about her. I can still hear her say, "Learn as much as you can." I hear her say, "Be a leader not a follower." She was not a sentimental person. I know she loves me by the things she did for me. I will always love her 'cause she live in me. I wish I could have told her more, "I love you," but she knew that. I know God took her home cause her work was done.

CENTRAL PARK

J. Thomas

I have a lot of memories of Central Park.

I was born and raise in New York. Central Park play a big role in my life in growing up in the city. My family used to go on picnics in Central Park. I used to take my girlfriend to Central Park. My junior high had their field trip to Central Park. Where we play softball, went fishing and row boats. I went to Louis D. Brandeis High School. That was a few block from Central Park. Me and my friend used to play basketball on West 67th Street. Whenever I met a new girl in school, we walk over to Central Park and sat on the bench, talk and get to know each other better. Boy was that a very romantic place. The tree leaves was green. Spring and summer with beautiful blue sky, and time it was peaceful and quiet for me there. I used to row, skate, bike ride, jog, read and write in that park. I have a lot of happy memories of being in that park.

C-1

DURING THE EASTER VACATION

J. Thomas

During the Easter vacation, a lot of family and friends came to visit me. I was very happy to see everyone. As I sit, I can remember all the good time I share with my family and friends--the bus rides, the picnics, holidays and birthday parties. I rely on the past to pick me up when I am down. Those good days don't have to be over. I just got to find the time again.

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GET ON WITH MY LIFE

J. Thomas

I am thinking about getting on with my life. I feel sometimes I am standing still and must move on to bigger and better things. I am working on making those changes but not hard enough. One day I am going to wake up early and say to myself go for it.

THE THING I LIKE DOING IN THE SPRING

J. Thomas

I like getting up early! Working out and riding my bike or jogging for around 6 miles. I call this toning my body for the summer. Taking pictures with my camera of nature, the tree blooming, and the blue sky. I love the fact that I can wear less clothes 'cause warmness is in the air. The days get longer. One of the reasons I like spring 'cause it's not too cold or hot, it's just right for me.

SPRING IS HERE

Jean DaSilva

Spring is here at last. It feels so good this morning. I got up this morning late for me. It was 8:00 am. I quickly had my shower and cup of tea, then cleaned my teeth, fixed my hair, picked up my bag, and off I went to catch the bus. I was walking to the bus stop and saw the bus, so I ran for it. The light had not changed yet, so I did catch the bus.

I was sitting on the bus thinking what a nice warm day this was. So I took out my writing pad and wrote a poem, it is at the end of this piece. It really felt good that spring is here. Spring is a good season, warm, but not too hot, a little breeze that feels good.

The summer is too hot for me; those days that there is no breeze, I just don't like it. Spring is here, the birds are singing and flowers are blooming, and trees are budding. This is always a great time of the year. Just think, a few weeks ago we had a snow storm. I just can't believe this.

Most people are taking off their winter jackets and heavy boots. Most of us are going through the closet for light clothes and shoes, that is a good feeling. I am glad winter is over and spring is here, spring is here at last.

SPRING IS HERE AT LAST

Spring, Spring is here at last
To hear those birds at last
To see the green once again,
Birds singing, flower blooming
and tree budding
Spring is here at last

MY DAUGHTER MICHELLE

Jean DaSilva

My daughter Michelle, I love her dearly. Michelle was born in England. I was living with my mother. I spent 8 months in bed while I was carrying Michelle. Michelle was born in a hospital in South Shield, England. I am very proud of her. Michelle is 21 years old and is attending SUNY Albany; This is Michelle 4th year.

I have four children two boys and two girls. Michelle is my eldest daughter. Going back through my daughter's life, I wonder how I got through it.

Just thinking back when Michelle was in 4th grade, I thought that school was going well, but it was not. Michelle did not go to school, she played hookey. One day in April, I went to school with Michelle to talk to her teacher, and the teacher turned to me and my daughter and in front of the class and degraded both of us. I took my daughter outside in the hall. We both were crying. We talked, and then she went back in her class, and I went to see the principal. That principal, I can remember the way he looked at me. He just didn't believe me. That year Michelle failed 4th grade and went to summer school. The teacher in summer program didn't know why Michelle was there. Michelle passed and went on to 5th grade. In 5th grade Michelle just blossomed. After that things went so well.

At the age of 16 years Michelle was going to drop out of high school. This was her last year of school. And I said to myself, I must sit down and talk to her - it just didn't work. A few weeks had passed and I had spoken to my

doctor and she had recommended that I talk to this child developer. So I made an appointment. The day of the appointment I grabbed my daughter Michelle and the three of us talked. She went back to school and finished high school.

Michelle goes to SUNY Albany and is completing her 4th year. She is a psychology major. Michelle will graduate in December, 1993. I am very proud of my daughter Michelle. I love her very much.

DO YOU KNOW YOUR ANTS?

Joseph Mercante

As you may know, at one time or another we may have seen sidewalk with ants coming out. Let me tell you about ants. Ants live in what we call colonies which are similar to the human society. By this I mean ant have colonies that have ants that are known as workers, just as people have to work. The ants have their army to defend their colony; we have our policeman armies. They have ants that are used to clean up the dirt; we have our sanitation men. Then there are ants that go out, bring back leaves and twigs to build and fix the colony. We have our brick layers and carpenters.

What happens to the colonies when it is invaded? They call out their army to defend their colony. We have our armed forces.

When we see ants we think of them as trouble. Their purpose is needed, so is ours.

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WHAT IS LIFE'S BEAUTY?

Joseph Mercante

Life's beauty is the openness of one's self to life's trials and victories. You take a walk in on abandoned area. You see beauty and walk along. You see tall buildings or see ugliness. You can look at the homeless and see beauty. You can see men and women dressed going to work or see ugliness. You can come across blooming flowers with their open petals and fragrances that are beautiful. We can watch the beauty of life, birth to the beauty of life, death. When beauty can be seen in every form one has found the meaning to beauty and love.

REJOICE!

Judy Collins

Not to have pity nor sympathy
for I am as strong as a lion. I am not to be looked down upon
but to be known for my strengths of time. Don't quietly whisper about my
bones being fragile
but speak clear and loud about my many accomplishments
Isn't that when we are respected,
when we are no longer in existence? When we are no more?
Don't cry when I say goodby
to this material Earth,
but rejoice because I have become one with mother Earth
Yes! rejoice in my strength
my courage
my losses, and my love!

Peace & Love
Judy Collins

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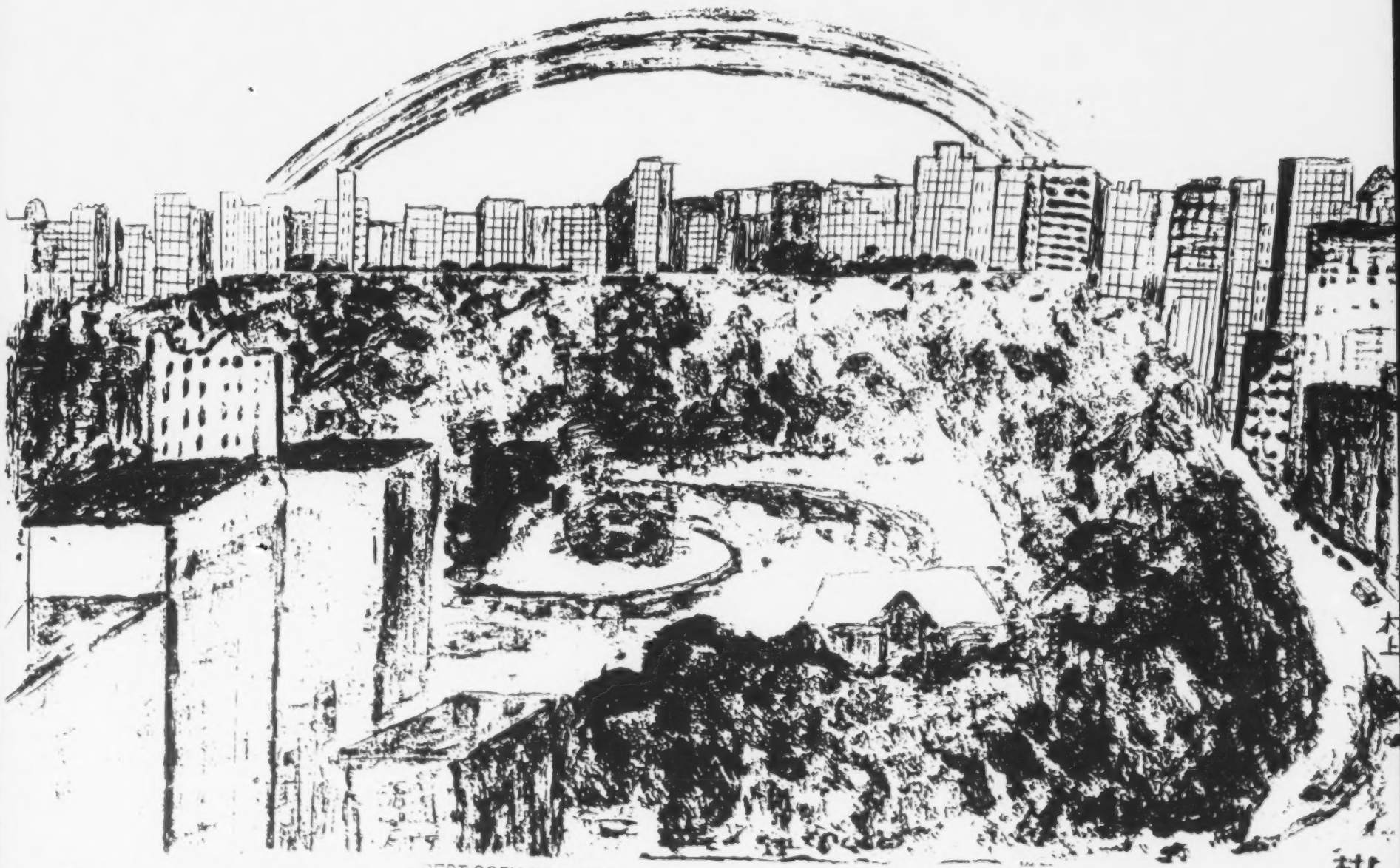

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BLIZZARD 1993

Kiyoko Murakami

Yesterday, the weather forecast reported that a historical blizzard which has not been seen for 100 years, will be coming. I was excited at that time.

On Saturday, from early morning. I was constantly watching the T.V. and checking the situation. Usually I can clearly see the sky from all sides from my windows. Now nothing can be seen because of the cloud cover and it was a strange scene. Looking down I could see only the roof of the building and the snow dancing and blowing in the wind.

The natural and magnificent scenery which I was able to observe through the window was wonderful. Mrs. Kawashima called me on the telephone and said that because of the the strong wind, her room's window was rattling. Since my rooms face north and west, there was no sound at all while I was listening to the announcer's warning, "Stay home, don't go out."

This morning (on Sunday), at first I wore my boots and went out. The snow was about 6 or 7 inches deep and it was difficult to walk. Now in the evening's glow, yesterday's blizzard was incredible. From my window the beautiful sky was seen in rainbow colors.

I thought how wonderful nature is and that a storm, wind, earthquake and blizzard has life like a human being.

Recently disasters occurred frequently. It seems to me that there is some deep relation between the disasters and the sin of human beings, like Noah's ark in ancient times.

This time this blizzard caused less damage than was expected at first. It

changed direction and passed away.

I thanked God's protection of people living in New York. I was watching for a while, the beautiful evening and the setting sun which was like the rainbow colors at Noah's time.

THE CHERRY BLOSSOM IN JAPAN

Kiyoko Murakami

With the arrival of April is cherry blossom season and all Japanese celebrate the time the flowers appear. The family goes to see cherry blossoms. At companies and working offices, they go to a flower viewing and carrying 'sake'. They hold these flower-viewing parties under the cherry blossoms, and make a joyous banquet in honor of cherry blossoms.

I think the atmosphere is characteristic of Japanese only. The purpose is to enjoy fully their natural beauty. This is an elegant time-honored tradition from ancient times in Japan. Covering the sky with excellent full blooming cherry blossoms is really beautiful.

In Japan cherry blossoms are compared to "Samurai sprit." The cherry blossoms burst into blossom, fade, and drop in the fall and like the "samurai" perform "hara kiri" (suicide). We mostly admire the extreme great moment in time of the falling down to the ground more than blooming. It lasts only a few days, it is all the more precious as life.

The cherry blossom is the national flower in Japan and represents Japanese character. Therefore Japanese might be the most cherry blossom loving nation in the world.

There are many famous poems and 'Haiku' entitled 'Cherry blossoms'. This is one of the most popular songs from the kindergarten child to the old aged.

SAKURA

Cherry blossom, Cherry blossom!
Sky in March fills with a limitless
expanse of cherry's pink,
It looks like haze of cloud,
From there comes fragrance with zephyr.
Cherry blossom! Cherry blossom!
Let's go and appreciate them.

THE WORD

Kiyoko Murakami

Since I have been tutoring Japanese, more and more I thought about the mystery of words. Through these words, facial characteristics are seen to be completely different. In New York all kinds of people are living together. When I ride on a bus, all kinds of languages enter into my ears. Whenever I hear Japanese, instantly I can understand the content of the conversation.

When I was a baby I was not taught how to speak by my mother, but I could understand. In ancient times, God made a confusion of words for the people who built the tower of Babel. Since then words are very different from each other.

Since I have been teaching Japanese and looking at the students who are trying to memorize the words and suffering thereby, I had an idle fancy that all nations languages were one. How wonderful that would be. If one's mind and another's mind understand each other like mother and child, we ought to understand each person without talking--like mother's love.

I'm thinking deeply of the mystery of the words and some words came into my mind from the bible, "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

EASTER

L. Montroos

Dear Teacher,

I have been listening to you lecture, and ask about a Easter journal. All that I can tell you. I did not have a fine Easter. After my wife came back from two weeks vacation from Amsterdam - The Netherlands, two days later she was admitted in the hospital with chest pain; she had to stay almost 3 days in there.

The visiting hours 2 pm until 8 pm. I was visiting her twice daily, afternoon and evening. After all the test she had, later was discharged and was back home with medication, and a good rest that what the doctor told her that she need.

I think that she was overexhausted visiting brother, sisters, family, friend, going from one to another. Thank God she is doing fine, and we hope for the better, and are praying for good health and strength.

THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF MY DIALECT
WHAT THEY SPEAK IN MY COUNTRY SURINAME (SURINAM)

L. Montroos

Let's go back to the second half of the 17th (Seventeenth) century in Suriname (formerly Dutch Guyana - South-America). Who are the people that live in the land? In the first place they were the Indians, the so-called original people, the Arowakken, and the Caribbean tribe; they were a wandering tribe. They spoke dialect different from each other, so they couldn't communicate with each other.

In the second half of the 17th (seventeenth) century came the Europeans with different languages, English, French, Dutch and Portuguese. The African slaves from the west coast of Africa had different dialects. Then the Europeans, the Indians, the Africans, French, Dutch, English, they had to find a way to communicate with each other. They did that with a contact language, and that language remain till today, and that language they call "Sranan Tongo," or in short "Sranang."

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PLANE CRASH

L. Montroos

It was June 7 - 1989, plane crash in Suriname (formerly Dutch Guyana - South-America) where I was born.

The morning of June 7 - 1989 over the radio WCBS, "Plane crash in Suriname. Mid Atlantic flight from Amsterdam (The Netherlands) to Suriname." Shortly before the landing this happening took place. About 178 passengers died. There were not many survivors; members of the crew also all died. No one knows if it is human error, or at the other hand , engine problem. The whole country was in mourning. It was national disaster. All the religions, Christians, Hindus, Moslems all alike, pray for the dead, and those that survive, and for relatives, husbands, wives, sisters, brothers and friends. It was a sad news all over the world and for the airline industry. I received a video tape from a friend, and looking at it, many days I can't get over it. I had no relatives or friend who were in the crash. Well someone that I know, but not too close. But for families, relatives, friends died, I knew what they had to go through.

Not long ago, another cargo plane crash in Amsterdam, the Netherlands, but this time was a engine problem that was horrible to look on the T.V. screen. And this crash was on a building, city housing where many died. It was also a sad day for many families and friends.

When people hear about all this plane crash, every one are scared to fly, no matter how short the distance may be. To me, you have to take a chance, fly from one place to another, and pray for a good take off, and a safe landing.

BRAZIL DIARY

Lynn

The piece by Carolina Maria de Jesus about life in Brazil strikes a very sympathetic chord for me. Not coming from a similar background I can, because of her gripping writing style, almost feel the urgency of the needs and demands which she describes, her need to feed her children, especially. Her health and her need for aspirin. She curses the inequities she encounters, yet puts it plainly in writing.

"The price of food keeps us from realizing our desires"

There is a sort of detachment in the writing selection. It is not easy to explain. Detachment, fatalism, abomination. Carolina Maria speaks without anger, which would just lead nowhere . She has something to say, she says it, and the pen becomes the tool for survival, even when there is nothing to eat. There's a kind of rhythm in her need for food - every day - the beans and the meat, the no bread, the one piece of garlic she needed from a neighbor. These things are so hard to come by for so many.

SOMEONE SPECIAL

Rosina

During my spring vacation, holidays or free time. I enjoyed it so much because I went with Irene, Alan and Ian. They are my friends and even though they are not my blood relatives I feel as though they are my family. They are two teenagers, 13 and 15 years old, and she's forty something years old. That is the reason I went with them during the vacation. I shared with them many good times in my life, while I grow up to be an adult.

She's very friendly, active, helping, tender, kind and understanding, impartial, but she's a very nervous, sometimes, very explosive "personality," and sometimes she encourage us to be careful, but at least she gives us good answers and advice.

I like her smile because it is coming up from her heart. In every picture, she is smiling to life, to sun, to us.

When every day she returned from her job, Irene opened the door and walked two or three steps and stand to turn her head to the left and right and she said "Hello, nobody is in home?" and smiled.

I said, "How are you?" After she dropped her bag and coat on the floor and started to look to meet and kiss her children...and asked me for some tea or juice. These choices depend on the weather or what she likes. Then she kissed her husband and her cat. The cat, Pelusin talked with her; we think so. After she went to her bedroom and changed her clothes and puts on something comfortable and fresh... she takes a rest for a while.

Later she spent some time with her children and asked about their

homework and talked with them or did something for the home, for herself or dinner.

She's Irene and my friend, sometimes I feel she's the sun, or that music always in the air, she is just herself. Her name means "Peace," but we don't feel she's the peace. She's the kind of person everybody misses and remembers even when she's not there.

I'm lucky to come into her family and because she's in my life way. I learned too much from her. She never worries about what the people say about her and her style of life. She's a writer and translator in the UN, but I know she does everything she wants. Her husband Brian and her are very nice, kind and good friends. Both of them are good parents. He is very quiet and she's like a firework. to say the least, they are a perfect couple for 20 years. She enjoys her family, her children, her life, her husband, her job, her writing, her friends.

She say about herself as mother, "I'm crazy Mexican mother"
I never forget her smile, her optimistic view of life. I love her.. She's important in my adult life and while growing up in N.Y.

JONATHAN

Sue Machlin

Jonathan is 2 years old now and stayed over my house last night with his mother. He slept in the white playpen with the yellow flowered pad that my daughter had left at our house a while ago.

I was surprised at how content he was to get into this "special bed"--as long as he had White Bear and his purple pacifier.

He was very busy during the evening with things he likes to do at "Grandma Sue's house." I have an old coffeepot ready for him and he makes coffee over and over and serves it to me and his "Grandpa Al." "Want more, Grandma?" he asks over and over. I always says yes. Then he plays the piano--shaking his head and body from side to side as he bangs the keys and I dance around the room.

He also loves a small, shiny, brown, wooden music box, one of my treasures, knows just where it is on the shelf. He asks for it and lifts the lid and the music plays, "You must remember this, a kiss is just a kiss..." He listens for a little while, closes the lid, and starts again. He hasn't been able yet to turn the little winder on the back, and asks Grandma to do this --over and over, then lifts the lid, and the music starts again.

He sits in Grandma Sue's armchair--"I'll sit in grandma's chair," he says. I say "OK" and get up. He smiles and thinks he is very powerful to have gotten Grandma out of her chair and claimed it. Then he finds some large and small beach stones I have in the living room--a little zen garden and brings them to my husband. "Here Grandpa Al--a big rock." Al says, "Wow, that's heavy"

and pretends his hand must sink to the ground because of the heavy weight. Jonathan laughs and brings him more stones.

I watch--my eyes always happy to see his little, constantly moving shape, with large brown eyes and blond hair--I cannot get enough of him.

This morning as I went to teach, I said, "Give me a hug, Jonathan." He stared at me for a while, but wouldn't hug. My daughter says he doesn't like to say goodbye.

THE MACHINE GUN

Tina Hao

"Parents always lie to their children when the children are very young." My son raised this subject suddenly while we were watching TV.

"How do you get this conclusion?" I was surprised.

"Because I still remember you promised me to buy a machine - gun for me if I passed the test to enter the best primary school but you never buy it. You just gave me a set of 'Flight - Chess'."

"But that was you wanted. You allowed me to use it as an alternative of the machine - gun."

"You know I liked both of them and just wanted to get a toy immediately then!"

I stopped talking. My son's words brought me back to 13 years ago.

That was an evening several days after the primary school's test. We were browsing in a department store.

"Mama, look this! What a nice 'Flight - Chess'!"

"Yes, very nice."

"Could you buy one for me? I like to learn to play the flight - chess."

"I like you to learn it too. But I cannot buy two toys for you in one month. You will get the machine - gun when you receive the admission note from the school. That will be the next week, right? Don't you like the machine - gun?"

"But I like this chess too." He put his arms on the glass counter and didn't

want to move.

I understood a six-year old boy's feeling. The flight - chess was not expensive. However I really didn't buy it because I knew that next week I would spend one third of my whole month's salary to pay for the machine - gun. I had to think about my budget. How could I explain such complicated thing to a little boy?

"Ok! Do you really like this chess very much?"

"Yes!"

"Do you prefer the chess to the gun? If you just can get one?"

"....." He didn't answer.

"Do you prefer the chess to the gun?" I repeated.

"Yes" Eventually he made up his mind.

"All right. Now, shall we go to buy the chess and forget the gun?"

"Yes!"

We bought the chess and he was very happy to get a new toy. He played it every day and enjoyed it very much. I thought that he couldn't understand the big difference in price between the two toy, and I thought he forgot the gun.

Thirteen years passed, he still remembered the gun! He never forgot it and he recognized the different money value of the toys. He might think I just wanted to buy him a cheeper toy instead of spending more to buy the machine.

That night I couldn't fall asleep. I woke up my husband.

"Dong, I feel guilty"

"Why?"

"I did not buy the gun for him."

"That's not your fault. You didn't have enough money. Besides, you did

give him a toy which was what he wanted then."

"But I cheated him. I broke my word. I must make it true."

"How?"

"To buy a gun as a birthday gift for him."

"Come on! A toy machine gun for a 19 year old young man?"

"Yes...."

"Okay, if you think that's so important in your life."

"John. Open the box! That's a birthday gift from your mother."

"What! The machine - gun. For me? For a 19 year old man? Oh mother! I know you always love me-now and when I was a child, and forever ... You are the best mother!"

MR. & MRS. BIAN

Tina Hao

I came home from my dorm on a Sunday morning. While my mother and I were chatting in the living room, I heard somebody singing in the next apartment. It was a strange woman's voice, thin, soft, and slow. I was very curious and asked my mother who was singing there, because I knew that apartment had been vacant for several months since the old tenant had died in her bedroom. People didn't like to take an apartment in which somebody died, although it was very difficult to get a living space in the city.

"That's Mrs. Bian. Mr. & Mrs. Bian just move in last week," said my mother.

"Mr. Bian? Is he the general engineer of my father's institute?"

"Yes. How do you know him?"

"I saw him at the last New Year's Party of the institute. He brushed by my father. My father said hello to him, but he didn't answer. He just nodded simply and then left." I told my mother.

"It's not easy to hear his voice. People call him 'the silent man'. Your father has been working with him for more than ten years, but Mr. Bian never talked to your father unless he wanted to give him the work. I have not heard him talking with the neighbors since they moved in."

"Is he at home now?"

"No, I saw him going out early this morning. He is retired now. I don't know why he goes out every morning."

Through the open door of my mother's apartment, I could see the big courtyard. There were seven apartments around the courtyard. All people living in this courtyard met each other every day and they knew each family quite well. I wanted to know what Mrs. Bian looked like, so I walked out to the courtyard.

That was a warm spring morning. I pretended to water the flowers. I walked to the front of Mr. & Mrs. Bian's apartment with a water kettle. Usually people who lived in the courtyard always left their doors open during

the fine daytime when they were at home; however, Mr. & Mrs. Bian's door was closed and covered by a heavy curtain, as well as the windows. I was a little disappointed.

A couple of weeks later I was back home again. As I arrived in the courtyard, I saw two teenage sisters of the neighbor sitting on the stools and washing the clothes. One girl named Xiao Fen called and stopped me: "Good morning, Sister Xi! Come here!"

"Morning! Is there something new?" I smiled at the girls and asked them.

"Big news!" Her younger sister Xial Qin said to me, "If you were here an hour ago, you would have seen a dramatic play!"

"What do you mean, Xiao Qin?" I asked her.

"Mrs. Bian was taken back home by two policemen!"

"Why? Did she do something wrong?"

"Nothing wrong, but it was funny. The two policemen were patrolling in this area. They saw Mrs. Bian strolling and 'selling' the clothes and jewelry in the street. Many children followed her and some children shouted with laughter at her, 'Give me, give me, I'll give you one penny.' The policemen approached her and found that she knew nothing about money. She distributed her items to whoever wanted to get them. The policemen thought that she had a mental problem and brought her back."

"What a poor old lady she is!" the elder sister, Xiao Fen, said with compassion, "Today is the second time that she was taken back by the policemen."

"Did Mr. Bian know what happened ?"

"Mr. Bian? He goes out every morning and comes back at about the lunch time. Nobody knows where he is now. I can hardly believe that he is her husband," Xiao Qin said angrily.

I stopped talking with the girls and went into my mother's room, when I heard her calling me.

"Were you talking about Mrs. Bian?" My mother asked.

"Yes. Is she a born imbecile?"

"I don't think so," My mother said. "She is always dressed neat and clean. When she is at home, she never makes trouble. While she was out, she even did not know where she lived."

"So, why did she go out?"

My mother ignored my question for a moment, and I heard Mrs. Bian singing again.

"She always sings the same sentence--'The green mountain, the green river, and the green forest.' She must have some unusual experience with those scenes. I think that she really has some mental problem and she needs a psychiatrist."

"Did you see her coming back this morning?"

"Sure. The policemen asked me to help her get into the room."

"How does she look?"

"She is small and thin. But I can imagine that she was a pretty woman when she was young. She has big black eyes and straight nose. When she smiled at me, there were two dimples on her face. But she didn't speak. As soon as she got home and sat down, she started singing her one sentence song."

My chair was facing the door. I saw a small man with glasses coming into the courtyard.

"Mr. Bian is coming back!" I told my mother.

"Oh! That's him." She glanced out of the door and said, "I am going to tell him what happened."

My mother walked out. It seemed that it was her responsibility to take care of all the families in this courtyard. Perhaps that was because our family had been living in this courtyard for almost twenty years, longer than any other family. All the neighbors called my mother "Aunt Hao", no matter if they were younger or older than she. Whenever the young couples quarreled, it was my mother made them calm down and smile again. Whenever the old ladies found their grandchildren were sick, it was my mother who took the kids to the doctors. But I wondered if my mother could help this strange family.

Summer passed and autumn came. It was getting cold. I came home to

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see if my mother's stove and the chimney had been installed. When I opened the door of our apartment, I saw a tall and handsome middle-aged man there talking with my mother. I said hello to them and went into the bedroom.

"Aunt Hao," I heard the middle-aged man's voice, "I really couldn't understand why my father's heart is so cold."

"But it seems sometimes he is still caring about her," my mother said. "Once I asked him if he should send your mother to a psychiatrist; he said that he didn't want her to have the terrible treatment."

"But how about my house? I told my father many times that if he was unable to take care of my mother, I would take her to my house. I told him that I would hire a housekeeper to look after her, but he never agreed with me. My mother was grown up in the countryside and she didn't have any mental problem when she was young. The problem was caused by my father. He doesn't like my mother because their marriage was arranged by their parents, so he never allowed my mother to go out since they married. My mother stayed at home lonely for tens of years. The only thing she could do was recall her girlhood life and eventually she forgot everything except her home village -- the mountain, the river, and the forest. Do you know how my father treats her now? He mixes the red rice and white rice on the table and requires her to separate them, then he mixes them again and lets her do the same thing... That is his 'therapy'..."

After a moment's pause I heard him start sobbing.

"Don't be so sad, Mr. Bian," my mother said, "I'll talk with your father and suggest to him to get a housekeeper."

I was too busy to go home until the New Year's Day. All my family members, including my elder sister who lived in the suburb, came home on that day. While we were sitting around the dining table and having the dumpling, she asked:

"I saw an old woman carrying a vegetable basket and going into Mr. Bian's apartment this morning. Is she their housekeeper?"

I didn't know whom she was talking about, neither did my brother and other sisters. Everybody was astonished at my parents, waiting for their answer.

"No," My mother put her chopsticks on the table and said calmly,"She is the new Mrs. Bian."

"What?" All my brother and sisters were so surprised and asked at the same time, "New Mrs. Bian?"

"Yes," said mother. "Old Mrs. Bian died two months ago and Mr. Bian married this woman. She came here and worked as their housekeeper a few weeks before old Mrs. Bian died."

As we were concentrating on listening my mother's talking, suddenly we heard something abruptly crash down in the adjacent apartment. Then we heard the woman's high voice:

"I am so silly that I've loved you for so many years. When you first married her, I thought you were forced by your parents. I sympathized with you and buried my feeling in my heart. I sacrificed my youth and hoped that you had a good family life. When I heard that you needed a trustable person to take care of her, I came here to help you. I dreamed that I could get back the past happiness when I was with you. But now... You namely married me but you never go out with me. I am aware that you are ashamed about to be remarried. You married me just because it was a sense of duty to my waste life. You have always been a timid man. I can not stand this. Let me go!"

Her voice was getting louder and louder. It seemed the floodgate of her heart was broken and all her angers flushed out at the same time. Many neighbors came out and gathered in front of their apartment. My mother tried to knock on the door and talk to the new Mrs. Bian, but another lady nudged and said to her, "Doing bad thing gets bad return. That's his payoff."

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